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## CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK ... 493	ART:	REVIEWS—continued
LEADING ARTICLE:	St. James's Park Underground	Old Buddha ... 511
Trade with Russia ... 496	Station. By Walter Bayes 504	The Litigants ... 511
MIDDLE ARTICLES:	BROADCASTING ... 505	NEW FICTION. By L.P. Hartley:
Vitamins Up To Date. By	LITERARY COMPETITIONS:	Cities of the Plain ... 512
Quaero ... 497	Set by J. B. Morton ... 505	SHORTER NOTICES ... 514
Music in the Kinema. By	BACK NUMBERS—CXX ... 507	NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE 514
Constant Lambert ... 499	REVIEWS:	ACROSTICS ... 510
Spring Flowers. By Vernon	Vergil. By Edward Shanks ... 508	MOTORING. By H. Thornton
Rendall ... 499	The Life of Lord Pauncefoot 509	Rutter ... 516
Noo Thought. By J. B. Priestley 500	Dancing Catalans ... 510	THE CITY ... 518
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 501	Eurydice, or The Nature of	
THE THEATRE:	Opera ... 510	
For the Fun of It. By Ivor		
Brown ... 503		

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

**C**OMMENT on the political situation is restricted by the imminence of important disclosures and a lively sense of the rashness of prophecy. Next week the cats will have jumped and we shall know more nearly where we are. On Monday the Chancellor produces his Budget, with its first intimations of the Government's prospective policy; on Thursday the Prime Minister announces to his supporters, in fitly dramatic surroundings at Drury Lane, the main lines of the Conservative election programme. Gossip is busy speculating on the nature of the Budget statement. As usual, wishes are proving progenitive; we are told by those who hope to see changes in motor-car taxation that such changes may be expected; by those who are interested in certain preferences of an increase in those preferences. In one breath we are informed that liquor duties will go up, in the next that they will go down. All we can be reasonably sure of is provision for a comprehensive scheme of slum clearance, some extension of the insurance system,

a change of form in the betting tax, and certain remissions of indirect taxation. Beyond these vague generalities, this year's Budget is as much a secret as usual.

The meeting at which Mr. Baldwin will expound the Government's election programme has been arranged on a comprehensive basis. All Conservative members of both Houses, all prospective candidates, and members of the Central Council of Conservative and Unionist Associations have been invited, and each constituency will be represented by—in addition to agents—a man, a woman, and a weekly wage-earner. The stage will be well set; we hope the programme will match it. The tale Mr. Baldwin will unfold will not attempt to rival the catchpenny cures of Mr. Lloyd George; the Government are likely to lay emphasis on the importance of creating permanent employment. It is probable that a feature of the programme will be a scheme of Imperial development and migration—an item that is conspicuously absent from the Liberal schemes. The programme will be further elaborated in a speech which the Prime Minister

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is to make at Bristol a week later. With Thursday's declaration the battle may be said to have been definitely joined. From then onwards it will be programme against programme and personality against personality. Conservatives everywhere will hope for an inspiring lead on Thursday.

They will be glad, anyway, to know the facts. Under the restraint put upon them by lack of knowledge they have been inclined to grow restless; much of the misgiving which has lately been noticeable among the Government's supporters has been due to the fact that they have felt themselves at a disadvantage compared with their rivals and have feared the effects of the start gained by Liberal acumen. The presence of this restraint seemed evident in the speech in which Sir Laming Worthington-Evans opened for the Government the first of the pre-Dissolution broadcasts last Monday. His sentiments were unimpeachable, but they were dull. What effect the new method of electioneering is going to have on the electorate only time can show, but something more spirited than the speech of the War Secretary will have to be provided if the marked indifference with which the public has so far accepted the innovation is to be dispelled. To an electorate plainly determined on action, numbering among them five million young new voters, the closing message of this spokesman was "Safety first!" The political public is composed of two unevenly balanced sections: that which is dissatisfied and expectant, and that which is merely bored. Neither the hunger of the first will be appeased nor the apathy of the second dissipated by an appeal to the common instinct of self-preservation. But, as we say, Sir Laming was speaking under a disability. before the party's programme was published. Hereafter we shall hope for better things.

We trust the last has been heard—except in the Rothermere organs—of proposals for a Conservative-Liberal pact. If so, another disability from which Conservatives have lately been suffering—have had thrust upon them—will have been removed. We gave last week our reasons for opposing this plan: it is demonstrably impossible. Beside this fact the question of its desirability or otherwise becomes mainly academic, and as such, at a time of political reality, is much better relegated to discussion at some more appropriate moment. Undoubtedly the sense of both parties is strongly against any agreement; during the past few days Mr. Chamberlain for Conservatives and Sir Herbert Samuel for Liberals have categorically refused to touch it. So there's an end on't. When the election is over we shall see what we shall see. Nothing has yet occurred to suggest to Conservatives that they are incapable of winning an independent majority; and nothing, certainly, would so shake the electorate, or the confidence of the party, as the spectacle of a hasty and obviously "rigged" truce between two parties that are already busy reviling one another in the constituencies. Conservatives and Liberals differ on everything except the common ground of anti-Socialism—and what a splendid negative that would be on which to unite and claim support! Besides, are they so fully agreed even on this point? There

are many Liberals—perhaps a majority of them—who, if they had to make the choice, would prefer to make their beds with Labour rather than with Conservatives.

In the last few days the *Evening Standard* has published the views of a number of M.P.s on the prospects of the coming election. Labour prophets are cautious and Liberals markedly so; Conservatives, on the other hand, with one or two exceptions, seem quietly confident. The average Conservative majority over both other parties foretold by Government supporters is sixty, and this figure or something near it is, as we happen to know, that anticipated by more than one Cabinet Minister. It does not look as though Conservatives were downhearted or as though the gloomy forebodings of Lord Rothermere found any echo in high places. It is, of course, early to judge, and in any event prophecy is hopeless, seeing that no one can know how the newly enfranchised will use their votes; but nothing has happened yet to suggest that the Government are about to be submerged beneath a tidal wave.

One thing would greatly improve Conservative chances, and that thing it is not too late to do if it is done at once. The Prime Minister should accompany his forthcoming announcement of policy with a reconstruction of his Cabinet. There are those who think he might have shuffled the pack with advantage earlier in the Government's career, but this was not his view; he can do so now with much benefit, but he has only a few days left. The advantages of reconstruction at this stage would be twofold: first, it would create an atmosphere of life in the minds of the electorate, and secondly, it would create an atmosphere of hope and confidence among the party. Reconstruction would be tantamount to saying "So far from being dead or moribund or convinced of defeat, we are alive and kicking and convinced of victory. Already we are making preparations for the next Parliament. Here are our programme and our new list of performers." The movement in favour of Cabinet reconstruction finds considerable support in lofty quarters. Is it too much to hope that at the eleventh hour it may prevail?

The appointment of General Dawes as Ambassador of the United States to the Court of St. James has been officially announced and we take this opportunity of expressing a welcome to the future tenant of one of the most important diplomatic posts in the world. It is certain that the gravest international danger of the day is that of an Anglo-American misunderstanding which might lead to naval competition, and it is essential that this problem should be studied from the practical rather than the sentimental point of view. General Dawes, by his conduct of the negotiations which led to the reparation settlement that bears his name, has proved himself to be the possessor of great energy and practical common sense. When an attempt to reach a naval understanding and to put the Kellogg Pact into operation is made after the general elections, the presence in London of a man like General Dawes should be a very substantial advantage.

Indian extremists have done their very best to bring home to the Simon Commission their utter lack of political common sense and political morality, and the bomb outrage in the Indian Legislative Assembly is but the climax of a policy developing from rowdiness up to crime. That most Indian public men condemn the bombing as severely as British opinion does is true enough; not since the late Mr. Tilak glorified the bomb has it found any influential apologist. But condemnation of murderous attacks on the Government and legislature is not enough. Experience tells Indian politicians that outrages are committed when, whether by passive resistance in the country or by obstruction in the Assembly and the oratorical and journalistic excesses accompanying such action, the minds of young Indians are inflamed. The latest crime was, it seems, prompted partly by irritation for which Mr. Patel, who abhors crime but has no objection to bringing about a constitutional crisis, is responsible. Other crimes have sprung from the preaching of "soul-force" opposition to the Government by Mr. Ghandi, who also abhors violence. India will not be cleansed of murderous anarchists until her leaders cease from representing the Government as deserving to be resisted at every turn.

When the Committee of Experts first met in Paris on February 11, many people prophesied that the whole question of reparations would be settled for good and all before Easter. We were unable to share this optimism, and even now the former Allied and Associated Powers have only reached the point of agreeing upon a figure which they should ask Germany to pay. Since that figure will probably involve no reduction of the present payments of £125,000,000, it will not be surprising if Germany refuses to accept it. The conflicting claims of the reconstruction of France's devastated areas and the payment of debts to America on the basis of the Balfour Note have done nothing to improve relations between London and Paris, and since Germany stands to gain nothing by pledging herself to make payments on a higher scale than she feels her industrial situation can permit, probably the best ending of the Experts' meeting would be a frank confession of failure, due, like the notorious Three-Power Naval Conference, to a lack of sufficient preliminary study.

The efforts to form a "Grand Coalition" in Germany have at last proved successful, after yet another check at the beginning of the week, once again on the cruiser issue. Just when it appeared probable that an agreement would be reached by the five parties associated with the Government as to what cuts were to be made in the budget—an essential preliminary to the establishment of the Grand Coalition—the Social Democrats announced that they would vote against the second appropriation for the construction of the new armoured cruisers. Had they merely abstained from voting, no great harm would have been done, but there was a grave danger that the Nationalists, who care little for logic if they can gain their political ends, would vote with the Socialists against the cruisers, despite their dreams of Germany as the master of the seas, and would thus defeat the Government. The danger of this

happening is now much more remote; indeed, it is probable that if Herr Hugenberg, the leader of the Nationalists, decided on such a course his party would not follow him. The projected coalition has been made possible by the Centre Party coming into line; it may or may not last long, but it should at all events suffice for the crucial task of getting through the Budget.

Mgr. Seipel deserves the gratitude of Austria for the courage with which he carried through the drastic reforms required by the League of Nations scheme for financial reconstruction. But the way in which he has allowed the *Heimwehr*, or Fascist, organization to develop unchecked, while he has made every effort to disarm the Socialist *Schutzbund*, promises to destroy all that international confidence in Austria which he himself had done so much to create. His resignation a week ago has produced a crisis difficult to solve; the differences between the Socialists and Christian Socialists are much greater than their names would lead one to expect. While negotiations are going on between these two parties, the *Heimwehr* is making the most of its opportunities, and its leaders, in their determination to prevent a coalition which would mean their own extinction, are talking openly of a march on Vienna similar to Mussolini's famous march on Rome.

One had imagined that the readiness of President Hoover to supply the Mexican Government with money and munitions would lead to the immediate collapse of the revolution in that country. It seems that the hatred of both Agrarians and Roman Catholics for the Labour policy of Señor Calles and his successor, Señor Portes Gil, is more profound than reports from Mexico had led us to believe. General Escobar, the rebel commander-in-chief, or, as he now calls himself, "the provisional President of Mexico," has held out for well over a month, and, if he succeeds in getting through the Pulpito Pass, he may be able to join up with Generals Cruz and Iturbe, who are now retreating in Sonora Province before the forces of Señor Calles. Within the next week or so there should be a battle which will decide the fate of the Government one way or the other.

In an excellent letter to *The Times*, Mr. S. Courtald makes the point that while congested traffic routes cause Londoners to huddle together in central sites, this huddling together inevitably adds to the congestion of traffic. A vicious circle indeed. It is impossible to view without anxiety the continuous replacement of houses of moderate size by vast blocks of flats in the heart of London. To say that there should be no increase in the size of buildings within three or four miles of Charing Cross is to utter a counsel of perfection; but at least there should be severe compulsory relation between the capacity of the streets and all proposed increase of the business or residential population in any central area. To build many-storied blocks of offices or flats where formerly there stood a few private houses without considering the effect on the already over-thronged adjacent streets is an absurd policy. In an age of telephones and motor-cars, is it necessary for everyone to join in this frantic centripetal movement?



## TRADE WITH RUSSIA

THE British Delegation which went to Russia a week before Easter will doubtless in due course publish a Report on what it saw and heard. Such news of its reception as has reached this country is political in character and has little bearing on the sort of questions that commercial England is asking about Russia. But the delegation, representing as it does a large number of important British firms, has no politics and is concerned only to make more trade between the two countries. That is important national work, undertaken not in the interest of any political theory but solely in the interests of our own people. A ridiculous notion has been fostered that only Labour is interested in trade with Soviet Russia, and there are a few fanatics who seem to think that inasmuch as trade benefits both parties to its transactions any trade with Russia is in the nature of a subscription for the propagation of Bolshevik doctrine. It would be just as foolish to argue that trade with cannibal and juju-ridden tribes must corrupt good Christian habits.

The delegation has been reproached because it has no banker among its members, but the problem of trade with Russia is not in the first instance one of money but of production and of power to absorb the production of other countries. There are several questions on which the delegation might throw new light. Is Russia so impoverished by war and politics that her purchasing power has declined, or, as one would rather expect in a country whose wealth is in the soil, has she suffered relatively less than our own? Must we regard her as a country that is declining in civilization or as the greatest undeveloped market still left in the world? Again, exactly why should it be harder to trade with nationalized industry in Russia than with our own Government departments out of which so many vast fortunes were made in the war? What is the proportion of bad debts made in the trade with Russia that has continued in spite of political impediments? Is the shyness of capital towards Russia sentimental punishment for past confiscation or is it based on specific apprehensions for the future?

These are elementary questions, but the seemingly simple questions are often those which are hardest to answer. We look forward to a report from the delegation that will answer them in terms that are simple and practical. That the Soviet Government cannot separate business from politics is evident from the official addresses that have been made to the delegation; but this separation is instinctive to the British commercial mind, and the delegation will think of Russia in the first instance as a pure business proposition.

It is unfortunate that this visit should take place on the eve of a General Election, for it is obvious that the Soviet representatives have been talking over the heads of the delegation to the electorate behind it. They have told its members that the first condition of trade with Russia is diplomatic recognition and in the circumstances that may very well be true. Most people are now agreed that it was a mistake to break off diplomatic relations. It is a curious fact that

while the United States Government have never officially recognized the Bolshevik regime, American trade with Russia has steadily grown, and largely at our expense; it has been inferred from that fact that diplomatic recognition has nothing whatever to do with trade and that the Soviet Government are actuated by a particularly malignant enmity to this country. The explanation is more simple. American political interests are nowhere in contact with those of Russia and her trade is therefore untrammelled by politics. With us the difficulty has always been to disentangle the two. We took the lead in recognizing the Bolshevik Government and a quarrel alternately renewed and made up is more bitter than consistent aloofness. Moreover, we are the one power for which Russia can make political difficulties, and we have suffered by her activities in China and in India. That is the misfortune of our geographical position, but obviously we cannot alter the facts of geography by merely denying diplomatic representation.

If we wished for an occasion for war and were so foolish as to think that it might provide a solution of our difficulties and promote our trade, Russia has doubtless done enough mischief to provide us with an excuse. But as war between the two countries is not to be thought of, the practical issues are between our present diplomatic sulks and playing the game as good-temperedly as it can be played in the circumstances. Clearly we are not hurting Russia by breaking off diplomatic relations; we may be hurting ourselves and we are doing less than our duty to such British commercial interests in Russia as still survive.

Russia wants diplomatic representation not for her own sake, but in the hope that it may lead to active financial assistance from this country. Such assistance is out of the question from the Government of this country; if Labour were to be returned by a substantial majority over both the other parties it would not dare to propose a Government loan to Russia. But a resumption of diplomatic relations with Russia is in our interest for quite other reasons. In the first place, it would give to skilful diplomacy a chance of removing political difficulties between the two countries in Asia. Secondly, and more important, it might encourage private capital to take whatever opportunities offer in Russia. The keenest enterprise is shy of running risks in a country in which its own Government have disinterested themselves. It might take risks without asking for anything in the nature of an official financial guarantee if diplomacy were actively at work again, trying to smooth over difficulties and discover safeguards against injustice, and able in the last resort to protest against unfair treatment. If we are to regain our old eminence in big business in Russia (Germany, despite her natural advantages never did more than a pedlar's trade with the country) and capture what must potentially be the biggest market still undeveloped in the world, we must at any rate begin by renewing diplomatic intercourse.

The Soviet representatives tell us that we cannot enter into the El Dorado that we are assured is there without a big loan for reconstruction. That is a purely commercial risk which no British Government would be in a position to take, least of all at the present time. But if



the opportunities offer and the certain obstacles can be removed, these will become legitimate risks which private capital may well think it worth while to run. Russia is at present holding her hand until she sees the result of the General Election; if Labour is returned to power, her demands will undoubtedly rise. But if Labour is not in power she is likely to be in a much more reasonable frame of mind and ready to give reasonable securities for the foreign capital which she needs.

### VITAMINS UP-TO-DATE

SO widespread is the interest in vitamins, or rather, so universally are they talked about, that the novelty of their discovery is apt to be forgotten. Yet it is only since the beginning of the second decade of the present century that these mysterious substances have occupied a position in anything that could be called orthodox dietetics. It is true that a hundred and thirty years earlier Captain Cook, in a paper read before the Royal Society, pointed out that if sailors, fed as they were on dried and salted meat and biscuits, from which some subtle virtue had departed, were not supplied with fruits or fresh vegetables, scurvy was bound to appear among them. Eijkman, the medical officer of a Java prison, at the end of the last century noted that a polyneuritis not unlike that symptomatic of beri-beri afflicted birds fed with polished rice left over from the prison meals, whereas birds fed on unmilled rice were perfectly healthy. And, a few years earlier, Lunin showed that mice fed on the reunited protein, fat, carbohydrate and mineral salts of milk soon died, whereas on the natural, untreated milk they prospered and were healthy. Thus was given the death-blow to the complacent thermodynamic view of organic metabolism, which had ruled in the scientific world for a century. Yet, even to-day, it cannot be said that we have discovered the chemical or physical nature of a single vitamin; nor can we give any authentic account of its action within the human body.

We have not yet our minds or our instruments attuned to the consideration and examination of that ultra-lilliputian world in which the vitamins and such substances as the endocrine secretions play leading parts. When we remember that so tiny a daily allowance of irradiated ergosterol as one twenty-thousandth of a milligram is sufficient to restore to health a rat suffering from rickets, who, in the absence of this infinitesimal dose, would inevitably die, we begin to realize how great are the mechanical difficulties confronting those engaged in vitamin research.

Complacency is, perhaps, an essential characteristic of natural, healthy man. His mind is normally stirred to activity and enquiry only when he has lost something or lacks something necessary to his well-being. The explicit facts of scurvy, beri-beri and rickets led to the accumulation of a good deal of empiric knowledge of the causes and possible treatment of these conditions before any clear conception of vitamin-deficiency had been formulated; and the virtues of cod-liver oil, of fresh fruit and of whole cereal grains have long been recognized. If we brush aside all the new terms and expressions to which no clear definitions are attached, the subsequent additions to our knowledge of these so-called accessory food-factors are small. The list itself has grown. The fat-soluble vitamin, in which cod-liver oil is so rich, has been found to be not one but two—now known as the anti-infective vitamin A and the anti-rachitic vitamin D. The production of the latter by the action of ultra-violet rays on the substance called ergosterol

has more than confirmed this differentiation. In the absence of vitamin D (of which the commonest sources, apart from cod-liver oil, are milk, butter, certain uncooked green vegetables, the livers of animals and the impact of direct sunlight on our skin), the adequate metabolism of calcium and phosphorus—those important elements in our bones, teeth and other tissues—is impossible, while a deficiency of vitamin A diminishes resistance to almost every kind of low-grade infection, especially infections of the eyes and air-passages.

Laboratory animals, on a dietary otherwise adequate but devoid of vitamin A, die with well-defined infective lesions, though life may continue for a fairly long period. Susceptibility to broncho-pneumonia—so common among ill-nourished children—has been shown to be greatly increased by vitamin A shortage. Modern dietaries are often lacking in this vitamin. Good butter is rich in it, as is the yolk of eggs, which, by the way, should be lightly boiled if their virtues are to be retained. A significant fact is that a deficiency of vitamin A during early childhood or in the dietary of the pregnant or nursing mother leads to permanent injury of the developing child, and to an increased liability to infection over a long period of subsequent years. Vegetable oils contain no vitamin A whatever, and consequently untreated margarine is, from this point of view, valueless. To-day, responsible manufacturers of margarine incorporate with the vegetable oils a sufficient amount of the non-saponifiable fraction of animal fats to bring the content of vitamin A and vitamin D up to the level of the best butter. Irradiation, it may be remarked, is actually destructive of vitamin A. In certain fats (though not in cod-liver oil), associated with vitamins A and D, there is believed to be a third, to which the name vitamin E has been given. It seems to be related to reproductive capacity.

The anti-neuritic vitamin B—the absence of which was found to be responsible for beri-beri—has also been differentiated into two distinct infinitesimals, known as B<sub>1</sub> and B<sub>2</sub>. They occur together in many foods, being notably abundant in yeast extract and wheat-germ. Accordingly, whole wheat or bread made therefrom is an effective source of these vitamins, whereas refined flour and white bread contain virtually none—the small amount present in white bread being mostly due to its added yeast. In these days of "eat more fruit," nearly all of us can easily get all the vitamin C we need. Oranges, tomatoes, lemon-juice, cabbage and swedes are generously furnished with this anti-scorbutic food-accessory.

Although no vitamins have yet been isolated, such concentrations have been prepared as to afford convenient measurable units for experimental purposes. Minimum doses effective for the prevention of such pronounced disorders as beri-beri, avian polyneuritis and rickets have been determined. In this country, it is unlikely that many people suffer from a complete lack of any vitamin, but it is certain that very many experience vitamin deficiency. The general use of white bread and the extensive consumption of canned and otherwise preserved foods of all sorts involve great risk of a shortage of both vitamin A and vitamin B. We have no means of storing vitamin B (or vitamin C) within our bodies, and are accordingly dependent on regular fresh supplies. Well-to-do people, for the most part, enjoy so mixed a dietary that their risk of even partial avitaminosis is comparatively trivial; but poor people, whose range of foods is more limited, are by no means so safe. Relying, as they do, largely on bread, margarine and preserved foods, it is of national importance that their flour shall include those outer layers of the grain in which vitamins are to be found, and that a sufficient vitamin content of margarine shall be compul-

sorily ensured. It is not insignificant that acute rheumatism, so widespread among working-class children, is a rare disease among the children of the richer classes. Some dietetic factor may reasonably be suspected.

Short of definable disease, however, it is more than likely that an enormous volume of ill-health is related to deficiencies or mal-proportions of these dietetic diminutives. We have but lately realized the serious effects of minor degrees of hypothyroidism, and of the almost life-and-death differences brought about by incredibly minute quantities of such mineral substances as iodine. We know, too, how essential to healthy metabolism and functioning are the proportions as well as the actual amounts of many essential elements; so that an excess of magnesium or potassium or phosphorus may interfere with the assimilation of calcium, and an abnormal ratio between the potassium and sodium intake may lead to serious malnutrition. Recent experiments suggest that parallel evils may attend the adoption of diets ill-balanced in vitamin content, an excess of cod-liver oil, unless balanced by a corresponding increase of marmite or other source of vitamin B, leading, in laboratory animals, to loss of hair, superficial sores and, later, to more profound ill-health.

The three great faults in civilized diet are the elimination of the vital parts of the cereal grains; the over-use of cooking, especially of vegetables; and the comparative neglect as food of the glandular organs of the animals whose muscles alone we are nowadays accustomed to eat as "meat." These cruder evils are easily remediable in the light of existing knowledge. But it is no longer unguided taste and appetite on which we can safely rely.

QUAERO

## MUSIC IN THE KINEMA

BY CONSTANT LAMBERT

SO much discussion has been aroused by the vital question of the desirability of synchronized dialogue in a film that little attention has been paid to a minor but interesting point—the desirability of synchronized music. Music in a talking film is, of course, a ridiculous anomaly which entirely destroys any realism that this form of art might have. If, as its supporters allege, the dialogue film is meant to have the same reality as the spoken drama, then the musical accompaniment reduces every moment of the film to the level of the worst Victorian melodrama of the type that supplied a few bars *agitato* on the entrance of the villain. The soft prattle of music that accompanied 'The Terror,' for example, was both irritating and ineffective, and the only logical accompaniment would have been realistic sounds, and those only.

As I am a firm believer in Mr. Chaplin's statement that the talking films have put back the art of the kinema by ten years, I do not entirely regret in some ways the blunders made by the directors of "talkies," but after all, if we have to be subjected to these productions let them at least be done with some kind of style and logic. But whether talking films win the day or not there seems little doubt that we shall have more and more silent films with a synchronized accompaniment. Quite apart from any of the labour and financial problems that may be involved, this may not be such an unmixed blessing as we have been led to believe. Although the average member of the audience may not notice it, the musical accompaniment to a film plays a large part in his purely physical and emotional reaction, and in my opinion no mechanical music can ever provoke so strong a reaction as music actually played at the time by an orchestra.

I was made very conscious of this by two

performances of 'The Patriot,' one accompanied by the Plaza orchestra, the other by the synchronized score. At one of the afternoon performances the orchestra stopped half-way and allowed the mechanical music to carry on. The result was an immediate lowering of the psychological tension, and the realistic sounds which were later introduced did nothing to restore it. The one spoken passage, the cry of "Pahlen! Pahlen!" being brought in for no logical reason is no more thrilling than the cry of "Programmes! Chocolates!" and has not half the dramatic quality of the magnified sub-title thrown on the screen. But there are far worse details in the score of 'Dancing Daughters': the synchronized songs that accompany the love scenes in this film remind me of nothing so much as an ingenious ventriloquist act. Surely, by now, directors might realize that the kinema, being an art like the ballet which works within limitations and conventions, produces its most vital effects within those conventions. Does anyone imagine that the ballet, 'Petrouchka,' for instance, would be improved by a few well-chosen words spoken by the showman or a song by one of the puppets?

It is true that in films with an advanced technique a good effect might be made with sounds that bear the same relation to the sounds of real life that choreography does to ordinary gesture. I recommend to the attention of a really enterprising director the Czechoslovakian Voice Band of E. F. Burian, which was heard at the festival of contemporary music in Siena last year. They use a highly dramatic method of voice production, half-way between song and speech, and their first two numbers, symbolizing sorrow and excitement, were effective in the extreme. In a film like 'The Patriot' they would provide an infinitely more suggestive and striking accompaniment to the revolution scenes than the present confused shouting, which might equally well represent a rather drunken and despondent crowd returning from a race-course.

I still think that the best effects will be obtained by a purely orchestral accompaniment, without any realistic sounds whatever, setting the general atmosphere of each scene rather than underlining every detail. Sudden touches of realism cutting across the musical sound, such as telephone and wedding bells, merely draw one's attention to the orchestra without enhancing the illusion of the film itself and, being out of keeping with the musical texture, produce the same jarring impression as the sudden introduction of an obvious model or painted set into a realistic film.

Perhaps the best plan is for the music to be specially written by an efficient composer in collaboration with the producer; and there is this to be said for synchronized music: that it at least ensures a faithful interpretation of a uniformly suitable accompaniment. Actually very few composers of any repute in the musical world have collaborated in films, and although this is to be regretted it is not altogether to be wondered at. There is, alas! at the present moment no more ephemeral form of art than even the best films. If the film is the ordinary unsynchronized film there arises also the question of the extremely varying sizes of orchestras that will perform the score and the extremely varying efficiency of the players. For this reason I think that some composers of special scores have erred on the side of too great complexity both in the music itself and in the forces necessary for its performance. The extremely interesting score written for 'Berlin' by Meisel suffers from its technical difficulty and lack of clear melodious outline, and is, I think, far less successful than the more ordinary music written for 'Metropolis,' which was comparatively easy to perform, full of simple but striking thematic ideas, and probably the most satisfactory score yet written for the kinema.

Although audiences have become accustomed, in the



last few years, to the most daringly modern visual effects in the way of "stunt" photography and scenery I doubt very much whether they would appreciate a similar standard of modernity on the part of the music. Germany has paid the most attention to the composition of special musical scores, but there have been some good efforts in France, notably M. Roger Desormière's music for 'A quoi rêvent les jeunes films,' which was an admirable example of the variety and power of sound that can be obtained from a few instruments intelligently used.

There have been few scores of this quality, unfortunately, and the present system of a well-chosen selection is often infinitely preferable to the special scores supplied with some American films. These selections, of course, are bound to give a rather scrappy effect which is often aggravated by the well-meant attempt on the part of the conductor to make the music follow the plot with too great a detail and to allot special themes to each character. The worst effort in this direction I remember was the music to a trade show, some years ago, of the Nazimova film 'Salome.' Salome was represented by a bit of the 'Prince Igor' ballet music, John the Baptist by a fragment from 'Parsifal,' and every time the moon was mentioned a few bars of Debussy's 'L'après-midi d'un faune' were played. Sometimes one heard all three in the space of two minutes or even less.

The habit of "plugging" a particular song associated with the hero or heroine is no doubt popular with music publishers, but it rarely helps the illusion of a film and has the additional disadvantage that people in the audience are inclined to whistle or croon the chorus out of tune at the most intense moments. (Why cannot people realize that conversation and humming in the cinema are just as anti-social and irritating as they are in the theatre?) Sometimes, however, these "song themes" are unobtrusive and well chosen, and a good example was the song theme in 'Show Life,' which was pleasant in itself and fitted admirably into a popular but cleverly arranged score. I have said nothing about that decadent virtuoso, the cinema organ, whose curious *mélange* of bland sentiment and seedy sophisticated jauntiness suggests an unfrocked parson, because although preferable to a scratch orchestra, and an admirable medium for comic improvisation, the unpleasantly synthetic quality of its tone makes it unsuited to accompany a really important film which demands an orchestra of some dimensions, carefully rehearsed. This, of course, calls for a greater outlay, but perhaps managers might be persuaded to expend in this direction the money which at present goes in pointless and tasteless "art-prologues" which are generally an insult to the films they precede.

## SPRING FLOWERS

BY VERNON RENDALL

**S**HADOWS, dreams, and nothing more—how many of the things eagerly sought by men, busy and idlers alike, are mere toys, or pleasures that recede, like the walls of untaken Troy, the more we pursue them! Still, there are some familiar things that last in our memories and perpetually renew their fragrance and sweetness. In the long distant past someone found what beauty was and forgot his toils for a moment:

Yes, in spite of all,  
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall  
From our dark spirits.

Not we, says Theocritus, the pioneers of beauty, we that are mortals and see not the morrow. But after all the artists and philosophers have had their say, much beauty remains without its meed of due praise and enjoyment. Sad and odd as it seems, Jane Austen is right: there are people naturally

indifferent about flowers. The spring blossoms every year recall for the wise the earliest and deepest of pleasures; but they come and go so quickly. This year they were frightened into long delay in their appearance. One solitary crocus, a "dedicated beggar to the air," hardly opened where in a normal season hundreds would be shining. The celandine was missing, and even the honest, dull, leafless coltsfoot. Now they are posing as April flowers. The frost and cold kept them back, trifles forgotten by that anonymous Elizabethan who wrote:

It were a most delightful thing  
To live in a perpetual spring.

Now at last the primroses and daffodils have come, both hardy adventurers, and they will be gone before we get our fill of them. They are both long enshrined in the realm of poesy; indeed, a "posy" is but a "poesy." They owe their proud place in part to their beauty of blossom. The general show of yellow flowers has no such graces. The buttercup and the marsh marigold are gold indeed, but not so cunningly coined as these two. The hawkweeds and the large family of composites are brightly yellow, but, in truth, a little dull to close scrutiny. The calceolaria is not a little slipper, but a yellow blob, and so is the globe flower. The sunflower is too obviously decorative and stiff. It stands stark upright; the primrose and the daffodil have a graceful fall befitting the delicacy of their petals and their scent. Their form is an instance of Nature's lavish beauty beyond the needs of fertilizing insects and the researches of Darwin.

We know a strange man who can make a snowdrop grow upright, but we do not want him to reconstruct the habits of our simple flowers. Their structure is complex enough, as it is; they excite the botanist—there is a whole book about two forms of the common primrose—but they belong to the poets. Daffodils in that world are claimed by Herrick and Wordsworth and Shakespeare. Keats dwells on the beauty of their setting, "the green world they live in." But the primrose is Shakespeare's pre-eminently. No one has come near those unforgettable phrases "the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire," and "the primrose path of dalliance." Tennyson's "Prattling the primrose fancies of the boy" is elegant, but seems nothing after the great master. Modern versifiers, struggling after new vision, have called the primrose "golden." Shakespeare might have warned them that it was "pale," not "golden," so pale that by a freak of fancy he has made one of the hardiest of spring flowers into a weakling. He was followed by Milton with "the rathe primrose that forsaken dies," which is pretty enough. But Milton, like Spenser, was a book-poet of flowers. He had not, like Catherine Morland, "learnt to love a hyacinth." He would never have found for himself "the crimson drops i' the bottom of a cowslip," which Shakespeare saw.

Between the primrose, the oxlip, and the cowslip, Nature herself has created many freakish and intermediate forms; and modern ingenuity has brought to us many elaborate varieties both of primrose and daffodil. When the wild primroses are over, the expert may have primroses in subtle pink or dark red and orange clusters of blossom flowering in an English garden, as they do in China. Messrs. Barr's window in Covent Garden will soon be a wonderful show of daffodils—in infinite grades, from brilliant yellow and bright orange frills, shaped like those which in war-time held our sparse saccharine, to delicate sulphur and white. To decide among such beauties would be invidious, though we do not like quaintness so well in the daffodil as in the tulip, and may well vote for the tiniest of all, that *Narcissus minor*—var. *minimus* which is a miracle of diminutive grace. Nor need those decide who have

long given their hearts to some plain daffodil of their youth, seen, perhaps, in the English Lakes half-hidden in the banks of the Rotha, or in more open display on the island of Rydal Water. These, however, are almost show flowers, hardly to be cherished as one's own, though the proclaimers are poets. A daffodil in the Lakes, since Wordsworth wrote, is almost a public character; and we cannot love public characters. They are like the classics whom everybody is obliged or supposed to admire, and whom Lamb for that reason could not take to his heart, as he did Kit Marlowe, and others unthumbed by the vulgar.

So one critic prefers some undistinguished daffodils of no importance to all the glories of the florist. In an Oxfordshire garden, under a chestnut tree of great age and marvellous size, they blossomed freely, sheltered by the vast trunk. They would win no prizes, but they have been cherished for many a year, eagerly expected in the first green shoot which in January seemed too frail to push up through the cold earth. The garden ends here, spanned by a tiny brook. To follow its wreath of flowers for many a mile, until it became a small river, fit to join the Evenlode, was the greatest of pleasures. These memories remain the better part of one's being. Fortunate is he who, *quia multum amavit*, in the roar and bustle of London, can still feel

A distant dearness in the hill,  
A secret sweetness in the stream.

## NOO THOUGHT

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

THE hall was nearly full when I arrived there, though I was in good time. This surprised me, for I had no idea so many people would be interested in New Thought on a fine Sunday morning. We sat on those uncomfortable cane chairs that are inseparable from such halls, and for about ten minutes we listened to the music, while seats were being found for newcomers. The music was supplied by two middle-aged women playing the piano and the violin, and their execution was of that indeterminate quality which makes music so depressing. If their playing had been worse, it might have been lively; but as it was, it left me slightly saddened. However, at the end of ten minutes, the service proper—if it was a service—began. An elderly woman in a fur coat bustled on to the platform and took charge of us.

She was a woman with a square face and two prophetic lines running from the nostrils to the corners of her mouth. It is a face you often see taking charge of such meetings. She looked at us, putting on an expression I have noticed before, an expression in which the friendliness of a companion spirit tries to blend with the detached reserve of a deep thinker. I knew at once that before we had done with her, she would have "left a great thought with us." I could see it coming. No doubt a nice, kind, thoughtful, rich woman—and obviously quite insufferable. We would begin, she told us, with a hymn, and we all rustled to our feet.

The hymn was hardly a success, if volume and gusto are the measures of success. Very few of us seemed to know the tune, and in addition the pitch of it was far too high. Some of the notes had to be left to the violin and the piano. The hymn itself, however, was in praise of silence—it told us that true wisdom was given to us in

silence—so that by singing it so softly and faint-heartedly we were capturing the spirit of it, absorbing its message with every dwindling line. Then we were asked to repeat the principles of the society, following the lady in charge after the fashion of the services of some of the antiquated Christian creeds. I had not been provided with one of the printed slips and so could not read them out myself, but I gather that we all affirmed a good many things in the universe, such as divine love and power and truth, did not believe in evil, were all for oneness and dead against separateness. When we had finished affirming and had given the universe a minute or two in which to take stock of our attitude towards it, the elderly lady then read various odds and ends, including a poem by a friend of hers.

The notices followed, and I must confess that they surprised me. Lectures, classes, services, instruction in healing, there was something happening every single afternoon and evening. You were offered a choice of spiritual science and super-science and magnetic psychology, any time from Monday afternoon to Sunday night. You could become the Captain of your Soul by looking in on Tuesdays. If you wanted to improve on that and reach the Super-Soul and the Super-Conscious, you had only to call on Fridays. On Sunday evening you could be presented with the key to Health, Prosperity, and Happiness. Literature was not neglected. On Mondays, I learned, Mr. Stocker would deal with 'New Thought in the Poets,' the poets being Whitman, Emerson, Edwin Markham, and Edward Carpenter—hardly a nest of singing birds. "And those of you who know Mr. Stocker in his poetic vein," cried the lady in charge of us, "will realize we have a treat in store."

Then the piano and the violin started off again, and immediately all the women round me began diving into their handbags. It was the collection, and through the saddening strains from the platform you could hear the genteel chink-chink of our sixpences and shillings. The last silver coin having been gathered in, we had a few minutes of silent meditation. At the word of command from the elderly lady in the fur coat, everybody sank into meditation. My own subject was the astonishing proportion of women to men in the audience or congregation, and the way in which those women ran into types. You could look down whole rows without seeing a man. For every one of us, there must have been at least forty women. There were hardly any old women, and precious few very young ones. The forties, I fancy, was the favourite decade, with a gradual slope up from the anxious late thirties and down to the worryingly earlier fifties. Again, there were obviously very few rich women there and still fewer very poor ones. Nearly everybody belonged to the lower middle-classes, like the majority of essayists. By the time I had compiled these statistics, the silent meditation was at an end.

Now came the event of the morning, the lecture or address or sermon or whatever you choose to call it. The speaker was from Los Angeles, but was evidently well known in that hall. He was a tallish man with one of those large, fairish, clean-shaven, featureless faces you often see among Americans. He wore a neat blue suit and one of the most disastrous neckties I have ever seen,



a pink and brown monster. He had one of those soft American accents, not at all nasal and quite pleasant to listen to; indeed, his voice and his manner were admirable, suggesting long practice and experience. He was never at a loss for a word, but, like the accomplished orator he was, he was not above wrestling, as it were, with a long important word, twisting his neck about to deal with it properly. He spoke for about thirty-five minutes, and I am confident that he could have gone on for thirty-five hours. New Thought can have few better exponents, though I must confess that he did not tell us anything very new and that nothing he said suggested thought of any kind. But he was immensely comforting and inspiring, both at once. He did us all good.

I cannot reproduce his argument because he did not appear to me to have one. This may be set down to my lack of understanding—a word, by the way, he used every other minute. Understanding was one of the things we had to get. When we had got it we should be in tune. There was a power within us, yes, within every one of us, that could cree-ate the world anoo. I could do it, and yew could do it. There were people who had not got livingness, who thought that life was always just the same old thing, who could talk (and here he laughed, and we all laughed too) of killing time, when every noo moment of time was diamonded with great passibilities of lahv and trewth and bewdy. Our external selves could easily be flattered. Easy to make too much of what we had done. But it was completely im-pas-sible for any words—no matter if the greatest potes uttered them—to flatter what we had within us, our potentialities in bady, mind, spirrut. We had to get rid of our inferiority complexes. That did not mean—as some people seemed to think—that we should all develop superiority complexes. And why? Bee-cause, as noo thought showed us, there was a oneness and we were all united in it. The whole universe was really a love-song. If it wasn't, the very atoms of which we were composed would immediately disintegrate. There was radiant health, there was power, there was bewdy, there was lahv, without stint, without measure, eternal, awaiting all of us, and if we only opened our eyes, found the way, developed understanding, got in tune with the infinite, there was not only a heaven above but a heaven here upon earth.

That was good enough for us. That was what we wanted to know. We knew what it was to suffer from inferiority complexes, and we could feel them shaking loose already, while the speaker's voice was still ringing in our ears. All was right with the world, and we need not worry any more. We had begun a new and richer life, in which we should all have good complexions, better figures, nice clothes, and the love of husbands and children. We had made a start. Now we had only to follow his advice, to develop understanding, get into tune, find the way, and though we could not remember exactly how we were to do this, indeed, we rather thought he had omitted to tell us how it could be done (no doubt reserving it for a future address), we felt it ought to be easy enough. We returned to the vacant sunshine of the Sunday streets, mightily refreshed, if only from a spring and fountain of words.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression. ¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

### LOCAL GOVERNMENT IN INDIA

SIR,—It would be too much to hope that the bombing episode in India will produce any salutary effect, for crime has dogged the Reforms from their initiation, and our attitude has ever been: the more bombs, the more Reforms. It is not to be supposed that our policy of the last twenty years is compatible with our *izzat*. The Governments in India stand supinely by watching crime and riot go unchecked. Mr. Gandhi receives a derisory penalty and naturally proceeds with his cloth-burning, laughing at us, as the late General Dyer remarked.

Surely it is not too late to retrace our steps and resume the paths of sanity. The late Lord Morley asserted that he would be no party to giving India Parliamentary Government. Yet within eight or nine years of this declaration a Parliamentary system was forced upon India—slipped through during the preoccupation of the war. Blood, bombs, riots, and disaffection have been the fruit, and the loss of India was barely averted.

All this time there has been waiting, ready to hand, a system of immemorial antiquity and suitable to every need of India, namely, village local government, practised in India more than a thousand years ago, which reached its highest point of excellence in the Tamil country. These Panchayets have been totally ignored, in common with every other rural interest, i.e., the interest of some ninety per cent. of the Indian Continent.

Starting with the village as the unit, we might build up systems of provincial autonomy, suitable in varying forms to the most progressive or the most backward. The Government of India need only consist of a small Executive and Legislative Council, no member of which should be elected.

Seventy years ago John Bright advocated decentralization in India. His rough sketch left out of account many important considerations, but the principle is as sound as ever. Shortly before the war a Decentralization Commission did excellent work, which was swamped by the egregious Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms.

Before it is too late let us consign to the rubbish heap these incongruous Western weeds, and give India an Indian system in which its interests will be in the hands of local and friendly men rather than the sport of town lawyers, incompetent and often disaffected.

I am, etc.,

W. A. HIRST

New Oxford and Cambridge Club,  
15 Stratton Street,  
Piccadilly, W.1

### THE NEW "UNDERGROUND" BUILDING

SIR,—On Friday last I spent an hour walking round the square and coming back to ask fellow-gazers their opinion of the sculptures on the new "Underground" building at St. James's Park Station. From twenty persons thus interrogated there was not one appreciative comment. The worst is quite unprintable, and the kindest was, "I'm afraid I don't know much about Art." The tenor of the majority of replies was (a) The sculptures are repulsive; (b) "I could have done better myself." As a humble seeker after knowledge, I prefer to adopt the kinder attitude, and hope that among the well-informed circle of readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW there may be at

least one who will take compassion, and enlighten both myself and others who have not been initiated into the sacred mysteries.

There are one or two salient points which demand a satisfactory reply, before the modern movement can be accepted as a genuine achievement in Art, points which Mr. Eric Gill himself was unwilling to answer when I visited his studio on Ditchling Common, five or six years ago.

I always understood that the primary purpose of sculpture is to represent the object sculptured, in a manner which conveys æsthetic pleasure to the beholder both because of its perfect workmanship and the consummate beauty of its composition. Obviously, on elementary psychological principles, a caricature of the human form cannot be pleasing to any normal individual. Spherical breasts pierced with drill-holes, monstrous hands and awkward attitude, if they mean anything at all, must be intended to convey some idea within the sculptor's brain.

If the result is both meaningless to the beholder and displeasing, the artist has achieved the direct opposite of Art, namely, æsthetic displeasure. It is no justification that the allegorical significance is clear to the artist and those with whom his thoughts have been shared, for upon such grounds the work of an infant would be Art. Either the execution must be so skilful as to give pleasure (muscles, veins and eyes, which the figures in question have not), or the idea conveyed must be striking, and incapable of being understood in any other sense, or the work, as a work of Art, is a failure.

Briefly, then, may I put the following questions: (1) Do the figures in question satisfy the above? (2) Is it not fruitless to seek increased expression from a form of art prevalent before man had mastered the problems of representing his subject? (3) Is it clever to produce such sculpture? (4) Should the human form be distorted so as to be scarcely recognizable as a human form? (5) Have the artists committed the fatal error of trying to express something beyond their medium?

I am, etc.,

A. GÉRARD-BOULTON

110 Sussex Road,  
Harrow

[We direct our correspondent's attention to Mr. Walter Bayes's article on page 504 of this issue—  
ED. S.R.]

#### THIS FREEDOM

SIR,—Herbert Spencer might have been speaking of 1929 when he said: 'Dictatorial measures, rapidly multiplied, have tended continually to narrow the liberties of individuals and have done this in a double way. Regulations have been made in yearly growing numbers, restraining the citizen in directions where his actions were previously unchecked. The extension of this policy of interference fosters everywhere the tacit assumption that Government should step in whenever anything is not going right. . . . And obviously, the more numerous Government interventions become, the more confirmed does this habit of thought grow, and the more loud and perpetual the demands for interventions.'

What a pass this policy of bureaucratic interference has brought us to to-day! Thinking of this with Herbert Spencer's warning in our minds, let us use the General Election wisely and choose representatives pledged to the banner of "Freedom First."

I am, etc.,

HELENA THOMAS

Westgate,  
Sudbury, Middlesex

#### BALKAN PARTY POLITICS

SIR,—A few weeks ago a correspondent, Mr. M. W. U. Simpson, in a letter which you headed

'Balkan Party Politics,' attempted to criticize adversely a communication of mine dealing with the Serbo-Croat situation. Having been away winter-sporting I can only reply to it now, and as some "general principles" are involved I hope you will allow me to do so.

The writer in question says that he "has been struck by the general one-sidedness of comment in the English Press, and the surprising reluctance to do justice to the Serbs. . . ." As to the "one-sidedness" I agree to a certain extent. I have found it rather amusing to watch the quasi-unanimity with which most of our daily and weekly Press, after King Alexander's *coup d'état*, suddenly discovered that Croatia was entitled at least to the autonomy it enjoyed under Austro-Hungarian rule and that it should not be made entirely dependent on the excessively centralized administration (based more or less on the French model) operating from Belgrade, the Serb capital. Similarly a large section of our Press, after recent "autonomist" electoral successes in Alsace-Lorraine, has been complaining of the centralized bureaucratic French system that has since 1918 been applied to those hapless provinces.

But does not your correspondent realize that all this new "one-sidedness" of the Press is ten years too late and is necessarily a sequel to its one-sidedness in those important years 1918-20, which in turn was a corollary of the very one-sided "War Aims" propaganda of the war period? Look round Europe to-day. In Alsace-Lorraine, Slovakia, South Tyrol, East Prussia, Eastern Galicia, not to mention Croatia, recent events have shown that there is considerable and smouldering resentment at the policy adopted in each case by the dominant nationality. In the particular case of Croatia, as I have already shown, no blame attaches to the SATURDAY REVIEW, for it was virtually the only journal which never believed in the pro-Serb propaganda of the "Jugo-Slav National Committee" and said so long years ago when the "one-sidedness" was all in favour of that self-appointed Committee.

I am, etc.,

"TOURNEBROCHE"

#### THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

SIR,—No doubt had I seen Mr. Humbert Wolfe's poetical translations from the Anthology in time I would have modified my dictum in favour of prose renderings. On the excellence of his I do not think we shall differ much. My strong preference for prose is that English rhymes convey an inevitable jingle which is missing in the lyre of Greece. Rhyme is only discernible once in the whole Greek Anthology. I do not dispute the beauty of the versions he has chosen from Dryden, Shakespeare, Cowley and Lang to overwhelm my pedestrian statements. They are beautiful English poems parallel, but not always translations, to the Greek, whose flavour I do miss. My test is to read English and Greek aloud. English translators often make a more beautiful poem than the original, but that does not mean a better translation. Mr. Lang is welcome to turn "scattered jackdaws" into a "windy world of rooks"; but there is no wind in the original and I have tried to give each English word some answering word or syllable in the Greek. I might have been more stark and literal and had I Mr. Wolfe's gifts I might have risen in flight plumpled.

I am, etc.,

SHANE LESLIE

12 Westbourne Terrace, W.2

#### BUNYAN'S TEXT

SIR,—Literary criticism will not be disposed to sanction the position that the cited discrepancies in the Bunyan versions amount to corruption of the text. This is the more so from the fact that it is



for the sake of the substance rather than the form that posterity has cared to preserve 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' The departures from the original, set forth by J. F., are really too nugatory to admit of discussion and are powerless to mar the archaic flavour agreeable to the palate of students of Letters.

The ellipsis of the redundant words "the name" italicized below is not to be regretted but to be desired:

the name of the one was Timorous and the name of the other Mistrust,

because it is more congenial to the concise English approved by the taste of later times in respect of composition and rhetoric. Judicious ellipses give a sense of mastery and ease, for it is only unready and clumsy speakers apt to lose the thread who repeat the subject of the sentence meticulously when the connexion is quite close and the clauses quite short. It is not to be supposed that one or two touchings up of the text of a nature not calculated to spoil the colour which its age gives it should be withheld if such revision serves to lubricate its way to the understanding and enjoyment of the later student, with his fuller possession of the resources of flexuous English.

The other ellipsis cited "Come with me" for "Nay, but do thou come" is, as J. F. indicates, a flaw; but it is one of rhetoric, and does not, I think, affect the completeness of the sense. As for the substitution of "their" for "our" in Apollyon's speech, that is an obvious oversight.

Happily it would be in the power of malice alone to destroy by any perversion the supreme value of this so sympathetic epic of the Soul.

I am, etc.,

17 Wakefield Street, LINDSAY S. GARRETT  
Regent Square, W.C.1

## THE THEATRE FOR THE FUN OF IT

BY IVOR BROWN

Third National Festival of Community Drama. Wyndham's Theatre. April 8.

YOU may call it (as above and honorifically) a national festival of Community Drama: or you may call it (more briefly and realistically) the Amateur's Cup Final. I cannot understand why anyone should organize a competition in fact, complete with "rounds," referee and a cup, and then run away from the word. The British Drama League has, I know, been criticized by some aloof and stiff-necked amateurs who regard rivalry in the arts as a horrible form of sin; these righteous ones apparently forget that the Greek drama, which was the first European foundation of their darling practice, was run on lines of keenest competition. What was meet for the serene Sophocles need hardly, I should have thought, contaminate the Mimminy Pimminy Players of the New Model Suburb.

Having criticized the faint aura of humbug which floats round the nomenclature of the institution, I hasten to add that the competition is producing bigger and better entries every year, that the thorny task of organization is resolutely and skilfully grasped by Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth and his colleagues, and that the great majority of teams go at it in the right spirit. The critics of competition moan away about the wrong motive and demand that art-for-art's sake should bloom privily in its own back-garden instead of being sent up to sit proudly on the bench at a National Flower Show in London. The tournament, it is alleged, will breed envy and egotism and make vain-glory the spur of young intent. Well, let it; acting and egotism will never be divorced, protest we

never so much. What, after all, is the great actor but one who is egotistical for the enjoyment of others? What holds of the individual, holds of the team. Let the Liverpool Playgoers, who took the Cup home on Monday, be as perky as they please. What matters to me is that they chose a rattling good comedy ('The Devil Among the Skins,' by Mr. Ernest Goodwin) and played it in a delightful home-made setting with ease, speed, vigour and clarity. Wyndham's Theatre was packed with members of other amateur clubs and it can have done them nothing but good to see the best teams of the various districts brought on parade. The club which keeps itself to itself in self-righteous isolation tends to cherish its foibles and become hopelessly uncritical of its own authors and designers who simply go on repeating their affectations and mistaking the result for a local artistic tradition.

The old amateur theatricals which consisted of taking down a stale West End comedy from the dusty bookshelf and having a bit of fun with dressing up and parcels of wigs from Clarkson's still continue; the Operatic Societies continue to fill the local theatre (in London the Scala) for six nights and a matinée with the twenty-year-old delights of Daly's; still reigns 'The King of Cadonia.' Even 'The Little Michus' have not yet grown up. The British Drama League has evoked and encouraged a newer, more serious and more skilful type of amateur. At the one end of the amateur scale are the persistent baritones and sopranos of Stock Exchange or Civil Service, Cadonians more loyal than the King: at the other end are the provincial exquisites (contemptuous of competition) who limit themselves to the painting and posing of *quattro cento* mummeries or the starker clan who endeavour to impose upon a staggered (or merely yawning) suburb the notion that a really modern stage-setting is a wilderness of girders, tempered by a constellation of cubes. Between these extremes of Right and Left are the hundreds of amateur clubs which manage to combine the possession of a few ideas about drama with a sense of humour and of proportion: they write or choose plays which reflect their own lives and give the feel of their own localities. The quiet strains of matrimony, the snap and snarl and comradeship round a Cockney coffee-stall, the pathos of the farmhouse spinster, the dilemmas of the bashful lover, the mingled black fears and saturnine laughter of pit-head life—all these we saw rendered in their appropriate vernacular and rendered uncommonly well. It is an excellent thing that the amateur actors should be thus preserving the idiom and stressing the fact of local difference at a time when all mechanical inventions and social habits are flattening out and unifying the surface of national life. There are those who think that the amateur should avoid the cup-and-saucer realism of the finalists who appeared on Monday, when each of six plays took place in a kitchen—the coffee-stall justly ranking as a street-kitchen. I recommend the amateurs, on the other hand, to shun all counsel about fantasy, to avoid Pierrot and Harlequin like the devil, and to stick to their teapots and their mugs of beer. The miners' team from Birdwell, near Barnsley, included two model performances, but I cannot think that the players would have been happy in silks or spangles.

Liverpool, it is true, won with an essay in medieval mischief and not with a study of shipping or a treatise on raw cotton. But the piece was not made effective by its date alone; it could be dressed in a modern rusticity with perfect fitness, since superstition dies hard among yokels and witches are still suspected to lurk in villages and to usurp the dominion of parson, farmer, and Rural District Council. 'The Devil Among the Skins' won because it was a brisk rendering of an old and fool-proof fable, played with animation on a gaily coloured stage and thus profiting by contrast with the succession of drab kitchens. Very few would have challenged the judges' verdict,

voiced by Miss Thorndike, that Liverpool should carry home the Cup: but I for one would certainly dispute her opinion that the Liverpool people were tackling the more difficult job because they were doing something larger than life, something with a touch of the gigantic and fantastic. In direct opposition to this view I suggest that it is easier for the average amateur to wrap himself in jerkin and galligaskins and to pretend to be the woodman wild living under no law but that of Grimm, than to be the reticent yet expressive image of his uncle. We of the audience have no standards whereby to judge elvish foresters; so long as they speak clear and move well, they will pass. But about our uncles we have most definite knowledge and a most vigorous critical opinion. The judges were quite right to bracket as second the Edinburgh team in 'The Woon' o't' and the Bristol folk in 'Scissors for Luck'; neither made so complete a job of their work as the Liverpool Playgoers, but both, by attempting sensitive domesticities, were to my mind attempting something harder than the intrigue and slapstick of 'The Devil Among the Skins.' I shall not easily forget the delicate pattern of emotion woven by the Bristol players or the unforced bucolic fun of the Edinburgh Club.

Miss Thorndike remarked on the moderation of the playing in those pieces. Amateurs may be acting, as we say, for the fun of the thing, but they have more sense now than to force fun upon their stages. Any search for the guffaws of the injudicious would have ruined those pieces, but there was never any trace of the laugh-hunting which so often ruins a tenderly written piece on the professional stage. The three other teams, justly undifferentiated in rank by the judges, were all good enough to be seen on any professional stage. The Wolverhampton players were hindered by a bad choice of piece; they should have known that the grosser forms of lunacy are unbearable on the stage. The Birdwell miners had a comedy which needed cutting and trimming, and the women of the party were monotonous in voice and movement: but the men were immense. The Beethoven Street Old Scholars' Club (London) evidently know more about coffee-stalls than their dramatist, the late Harold Chapin, knew about collapsed colonels. 'The Autocrat of the Coffee Stall' is rather a silly and washy piece of sentiment; whenever there was any sting in the dialogue the London players made the most of it. It must, of course, be remembered on the amateurs' behalf that one-act plays are hard to find, harder to write, and, on the whole, a difficult and unsatisfactory art-form: they are, accordingly, attempting that in which professionals rarely succeed.

## ART

### ST. JAMES'S PARK UNDERGROUND STATION

BY WALTER BAYES

IN common with most Londoners who have occasion frequently to pass that way I have admired the new "Underground" building at St. James's Park. There will be general agreement, surely, as to the stateliness of its stepped silhouette, its sparing but telling use of the arch, the admirable aptness of the cruciform plan, at once an arresting solution of a corner-site problem and a humane contrivance for offering to a large proportion of employees a friendly view of the street. Without having had an opportunity of studying it in detail, I shrewdly suspect it will be found to be one of the finest buildings of its kind put up in recent years.

But its kind is severe and sparse of ornament, and

while we must sympathize with the architect, perhaps also with his patrons if they desired to see sculpture introduced into their building, it cannot be said that the relatively small projection of stone beneath one window upon each of the eight immense stretches of wall seems a natural concession of territory to the sculptor. The carvings are planted on to the building as an afterthought. They have, *perched up seventy-five feet from the ground*, just about the importance in regard to the building that belongs to the little rondels or other plaques of carved stone so lavishly but adroitly introduced into Venetian façades—little amusing bosses of pattern intended to relieve the bare spaces around them, things so small that were they much subdivided into smaller and yet smaller forms, they would infallibly defeat that end and make the bleakness of their surroundings the more noticeable.

Now if I submit that the introduction of these isolated bosses of stone carving shows little gift for using sculpture on the part of the architect and that in fact they might as well not be there, I am making a minor criticism of a building I heartily admire—in any case I do not represent public opinion, which bears the designer of the building no grudge in this matter, but does appear deeply to resent the way in which the sculptors have carried out their part of the business. I have been privileged by the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW to see a letter\* from an evidently honest correspondent who really wants to know what can possibly be said in their defence, and it is curious to find that his main criticism questions not whether the sculpture is good or bad of its kind, but consists in a denial of its right as a kind to exist at all. He suggests that the artists have committed the error of trying to express something beyond their medium when it is evident that what to me is their virtue and to him their fault is the refusal to pretend that they offer us other than a shaped block of stone not too widely different from the other formal blocks which make up the edifice.

In this respect they serve the architect better than he serves them. This critic says, "The first purpose of sculpture is to represent the object sculptured": surely in this case its first duty is to belong to the building. He says, "A caricature of the human form cannot be pleasing to any normal individual." Yet all effective stone-carving of figures for use in the open in a northern climate must be adapted—distorted from literal facts—"caricatured," in the words of anyone who happens not to like it. Were it literally realistic in the "skilful" way demanded by this critic who wants "muscles, veins and eyes" (in sculpture, seventy-five feet up) they would certainly not keep these superficial adornments very long. It is clear that weather being what weather is and stone what stone is the modern habit of transposing natural forms into others blunted and fuller is not merely permissible but often obligatory. It is true that we have enthusiasts who think that the fatter the figure the finer the art, but that *naïveté* is hardly greater than that of the critic who attacks these sculptures mainly for being approached in the right way.

Whether of their kind they are very good is another matter. Two of them I think certainly are not, and if I am to trust my information they are precisely the work of two artists whom I should have expected to find entirely in agreement with the sentiments of the Editor's correspondent—artists whose presence in this gallery can only be explained on the supposition that someone drew names out of a hat. They seem to have tried to do what they thought the others were doing, but it is they, the hitherto academic sculptors, who have been guilty of foolish distortions. It is clearly not desirable that sculpture should escape criticism, but criticism must be judged by its reasons.

(\* See page 501)



## BROADCASTING

THE British National Programme, relayed from the National Radio Station in Northern Erewhonia, was one of the funniest "turns" the experimentalists have provided, and the most successful. Also the actual performance was one of the best in this year's series of National Programmes. It is the logical outcome of the series. Having done their best to introduce the foreigner to us it was only right that the B.B.C. should accept the offer of a foreign nation to explain us to ourselves, especially when the offer came from so enlightened a people. The Erewhonians must not take it amiss when they hear that our characteristic sense of humour could not always be controlled while listening-in on Tuesday. I own to having been convulsed, at increasingly recurrent moments, by the deliciously inappropriate descriptions of our habits and proclivities. Probably the Erewhonians were not intent on being funny. Afterwards I remembered the dead seriousness of the actors, and realized that the whole thing meant something very urgent to them. At any rate, I thank them for a stimulating entertainment, and congratulate whoever put the programme together. These people evidently teach our own B.B.C. a thing or two in programme-making.

To see ourselves as others see us is salutary, if a trifle disquieting, and after hearing the Erewhonian programme things can never be quite the same. Our national pride has been pricked. We may feel, justifiably, that the Erewhonians have failed to grasp the full significance of our national character and pastimes. But the thinking Englishman will now always have a tormenting suspicion that perhaps after all what the foreigner sees in us does exist, and that we are often as ineffectual and inane as the friendliest of our critics are forced to admit. Butler said some bitter things about these Erewhonians in the past. The descendants of his victims have shown us the other side of the medal.

Sunday evening's concert of old music was pure delight. Harpsichord and viola da gamba when combined produce a refined quality of sound that comes through excellently. So does the voice in those unemphatic Elizabethan songs. It is, of course, impossible to reduce all broadcast music to this gentle clarity. But I, for one, would count it a matter of no small moment to be able to listen frequently to Miss Suddaby, Mr. Franks and Mr. Ord. This programme had been thoughtfully put together and carefully prepared. I was the more surprised, therefore, that when there was a harpsichord already in the studio the songs should have been accompanied on a pianoforte. Surely there was a chance missed here?

The broadcasting of vocal items is bringing into prominence the undoubted gain which many listeners are realizing in being left free to listen without having to look. The disembodied voice is coming into its own, proving its value to the hearer and its interpretative work. Much has been said about the probable effect on the singer of performing before a vast hidden audience. But the only effect worth mentioning is that this new state of things, whether a hindrance or a help to the singer, has proved a means of testing the purely artistic merit of the performer. A gifted artist like Miss Suddaby can convey all the sadness of a Dowland song or the gaiety of one by Rossiter solely by her art, unaided by facial expression or bodily movement. The

wireless, in fact, is teaching us how unessential, from the audience's point of view, these things are.

\*

Wireless stands alone as a purveyor of unexpected things. But probably even the B.B.C. never knew the kind of surprise they had prepared for a lunch party last week, when we were provided with a programme relayed from a great London restaurant, consisting in Ravel (the 'Pavanne pour une Infante défunte') and Wagner (the Siegfried Idyll), among other good things. The performance was very cut-and-thrust and the music had of necessity been arranged (for an octet). But the general effect was adequate and made pleasant hearing. The interest lies in the fact that not only jazz is now thought fit accompaniment for food (the buzz of conversation in the restaurant nearly drowned the players at moments). It was an echo of the days when Mozart wrote music to serve as a background to the meals at Hohen-Salzburg. Wireless, in drawing attention to such unusual activities as this, does a real service, becoming a kind of pulsometer of daily existence. How far this glimpse was fortuitously caught does not much matter. It is one result of flinging the net wide.

CONDOR

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS—163

SET BY J. B. MORTON

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for versions, in not more than a hundred and fifty words each, of the following rhyme as it would have been written by (1) Jane Austen, and (2) Macaulay:

Little Miss Muffet  
Sat on a tuffet  
Eating her curds and whey;  
There came a big spider  
And sat down beside her  
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a four-line epigram on four-line epigrams.

## RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 163a, or LITERARY 163a).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, April 22. The results will be announced in the issue of April 27.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 161

SET BY HUMBERT WOLFE

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a complete sonnet of which the first line is: "Be gentle with the words that cannot die."

B. *We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an election address by Sir James Barrie, in not more than 300 words, advocating the return of the Conservative Party on the ground that to have known them is a liberal education.*

#### REPORT FROM MR. WOLFE

My prose competition was as complete a failure as my verse was a success. The two cancel out, because if the entries for A must be among the best ever sent in, those for B are undoubtedly the worst. I dismiss the latter entirely, and turn to the extremely difficult task of choosing the best among so many good efforts in A.

I would begin by quoting individual lines of real beauty from a number of entries, regretting that in every case they are either isolated lovelinesses or actually negated by blemishes elsewhere. I give the list of the competitors and then the lines taken from each sonnet: Majolica, E. S. Goodwill, Colby Borley, Alice Herbert, R. H. D. Young, Egerton Clarke, E. Clarke, Elizabeth Cluer, Ell Bee and Madrigal:

"Those wounded words, still wounding, shall live on."

"They have outlived faiths lost and empires long  
And served the years of peace and battle's day."

"Be gentle—for in every word that lives  
a thought, half-captured, dreams of liberty. . . ."

"And watching at the corner of our ways,  
Leave us at beauty's mercy all our days."

"Be gentle: if his fiery tongue be lost  
the doves may fly no more at Pentecost."

"Be good to words unwearying and brave  
whose importunity outlasts the grave."

"Seeking the unique leaf of sympathy."

"O watch your potter's hand  
Carve the fired word: even the dead words stand."

"The things themselves die though the words live on."

"To charm us with its lucid, rainbow eye."

Putting these on one side, I come to the sonnets which have merits not by virtue of individual lines, but as a whole. Valimus wrote a charming effort in the Shakespeare mode, as witness:

Folding in loveliness far lovelier you,

but the middle four lines were too obscure to pass.

Procrustes in his exhortation to the New Poet not to betray the old words wrote a sound straightforward sonnet, but the last line:

Even as your words—are numbered with the dead.

lets him down. Babel would have had a prize if in his final couplet he had not introduced a line that could only be scanned if Magdalene were pronounced as a four-syllable word—to me an inadmissible pronunciation in the circumstances:

Be gentle with man's Magdalene words.

There remain of the serious entries Violet Gillespie, Issachar, and David Nomad, and of the lighter ones, Wyandot, David Nomad, and T. E. Casson. I have no doubt whatever that the first prize goes to David Nomad's serious effort. This seems to me to be a genuine sonnet, making its single point with cumulative certainty. The second place I award with some hesitation to Issachar—hesitation because line seven, which reads:

Of speech, that it may be worthily spent,

ought to have read:

Of speech, that it may worthily be spent.

Nevertheless, the sextet is dignified and moving. As to the third place, I am divided between a light and

a serious poem. Wyandot in the former class starts admirably:

Be gentle with the words that cannot die.  
I would be gentle if the words would come  
But they are coy. I'm sure I don't know why.  
I would be gentle, now I must be dumb.  
I may not tell my love—even if I had one—  
Her eyes are stars from which the sun was lit.  
Is that a lie? I don't think it's a bad one.  
But as you see, I can't go on with it.

The sextet was unhappily not of the same level. Again, in the serious vein, Violet Gillespie, whose lines nine to twelve are excellent:

Tempt me, deny me, spurn me in your fashion;  
I care not, so with pride these words you cherish.  
Be harsh with me, fickle, impatient grow;  
They shall requite my inarticulate passion.

is less happy in the rest.

I award the third place not to David Nomad, who would have had it except for a flaw in his ninth line, but to T. E. Casson, though I do not pretend to be much amused by lines nine to twelve.

As there will be no prizes for Competition B, I suggest that first, second and third prizes of Two Guineas, One Guinea and Half a Guinea should be given to David Nomad, Issachar and T. E. Casson respectively.

#### FIRST PRIZE

Be gentle with the words that cannot die:  
The silver tongue has crumbled into dust  
And the wild heart, as all that's human must,  
While these sweet echoes of a far-off cry  
Live on. For them no tranquil lullaby,  
No star-enchanted sleep, no rest: but thrust  
For ever in the icy eager gust  
Of endless life, they live and know not why.

Do thou, whom Death with gentle hands and slow  
Will soon caress to silence and repose,  
Entreat with love thy royal guests; they lend  
But once to thee their loveliness, then go.  
(For thee—for Caesar lovely is the rose.)  
Who have not Death shall yet have thee for friend.

DAVID NOMAD

#### SECOND PRIZE

Be gentle with the words that cannot die.  
They are so nimble, so obedient:  
They take no rest: their patient strength is lent  
In endless toil performed ungrudgingly.  
Watch steadily, then, with just and careful eye  
The spending of that precious increment  
Of speech, that it may be worthily spent  
And these your servants used with dignity.

So when at length your mouth is stopped with clay  
And when, your tenancy of life being over,  
You front the fathomless silences of death;  
"This man has been our friend," the words shall say:  
"He never failed us while he yet drew breath,  
But used us like a poet and a lover."

ISSACHAR

#### THIRD PRIZE

Be gentle with the words that cannot die;  
Nor murder Virgil's vowels with your mouth.  
Remember "sine more" never doth  
Connote "Without delay"; nor render "By  
concession of the cave-men," *caveae*  
*Consessu*: and though Robbie Burns's routh  
O' rhymes mean anything to Southron sloth,  
No so great Maro. Child, your grammar ply.

A "pilly willy winky winky pop"  
Eschew, as gilly-flowers or sops-in-wine.  
A "tink-a-tink-a-tink" is not the stop  
To reverberate the Mantuan note divine.  
You will never earn distinction or your bread  
With any tune that comes into your head.

T. E. CASSON



## BACK NUMBERS—CXX

A CORRESPONDENT who is a frequent and welcome participator in the literary competitions conducted by this paper informs me that Mr. Newman Howard died a few weeks ago at Torquay. He adds that he has looked in vain for an obituary notice in the Press. I have seen none, nobody has mentioned him in my hearing, and it would appear that the literary world has totally ignored the passing in 1929 of a writer who as lately as 1913, on the appearance of his 'Collected Poems,' was generally regarded as the hope of poetic drama and already a man of fine achievement.

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For once in these articles it is not a question only of what the SATURDAY said. Appended to the volume of 1913 is a selection of Press opinions of his separate publications, and to-day they make curious reading. Courthope, the learned historian of English poetry, called Howard's play, 'Kiartan,' a work of "real genius"; and so very different a judge as Mr. Arnold Bennett, after praise of its "sustained and splendid dignity," declared that it would "rank with any modern poetical play, and on the strength of it Mr. Howard must in future count among the chief of our living poets." The late Richard Whiteing, in the *Daily News*, assured the author that he might "rest on this achievement," for it would "entitle him to rank among the British poets." Of another play, 'Savonarola,' the *Athenæum* said that, like all Howard's work, it exhibited "assurance of style, dignity without parade, plain piquancy of thought and expression"; another paper greeted it as "the greatest dramatic creation of our time." Then there was 'Constantine,' "dramatic poetry of the finest quality," according to a reputable critic.

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Earlier than most of these eulogies were compliments, unquoted by the recipient and unknown to me, but mentioned with pride in a preface, from Swinburne and Meredith. I have a dim memory of having heard that another great Victorian thought highly of Howard, and a slightly less dim memory of some anonymous admirer having sent him a large sum of money in gratitude. Also, I seem to remember something, veracious or not, about the emotion with which an important business concern learned that it had been employing so great a poet, Phœbus with Admetus:

He has been our fellow, the morning of our days;  
Us he chose for housemates, and this way went.

Only Stephen Phillips had more applause, and the case of Phillips is much simpler.

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When, in 1913, I read Howard's work in bulk, knowing very little of it earlier, I thought his best play, 'Kiartan,' was rather the kind of thing one would have expected the youthful William Morris to have written if one had not read the actual masterpiece of dramatic poetry produced by that very great man at first essay, 'Sir Peter Harpdon's End.' It was, no doubt, a rather muddled way of thinking, for Morris took up with Iceland later in life, when he had lost his sense of drama, and Howard chose an Iceland setting simply because he had a passion for depicting the introduction of a faith or a heresy into a civilization hostile to it.

For other differences, Morris was at once more poetic, in the special sense, and in a sense more realistic, his instinct being always to go to an age in which romance and homeliness could be reconciled. But, all the same, I fancy I was not far wrong.

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'Kiartan' has substance, and it might have been a great play, but it seems to me, after recent reperusal, to fall between two stools. Not in this paper, which has had Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Beerbohm, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Agate, and has Mr. Ivor Brown, may a mere literary gossip dare to lay down what constitutes drama and what does not; and it is only as literature, as closet drama, that I venture to discuss Howard. So regarding him, I think he fell short of the traditional splendour of English romantic drama without arriving at the effect of the drama in which speeches, in themselves often next to nothing, tell through the circumstances of their utterance. Reading him, I feel that he would act better than he reads; and though I have never seen any performance there may have been of his plays, I am sure that, seeing a play of his, I should suppose it better in the reading.

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It is, on the whole, true that, in the phrase of one of his eulogists, "the verse is struck from the action like sparks from a horse's hoofs." Yes, and it is a rare merit; but then there is the question of the actual quality of the verse. I cannot see that with Howard it ever illuminates more than the immediate situation; and we know that in some of the smallest and some of the most eccentric of the Elizabethans it does more than that. On the other hand, so far as I can see, it never or hardly ever gets the full value out of a realistic sacrifice of the privilege of verse to say more than the mere occasion requires. It is often gnomic, impressively at first glance, without being profoundly wise. There is, for example, a line about justice being the daughter of indignation which ought to sound like a seer's deliverance, and somehow does not. There are appropriate, brief reflections, which somehow do not strike one as inevitable.

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Undoubtedly, Howard had an instinct for subjects, preferring those to be found in some spiritual crisis of humanity; and he had literary skill. The outlines of his plays are largely drawn, and there is next to no padding. But the thing that would illuminate the whole, in the great Elizabethan way, or pierce us in the realistic manner, that is almost always lacking. Looking at his shorter lyrical poems and sonnets, his deficiency becomes more evident. Several of the sonnets have a fine idea, finely treated, but the salt of personality is not in them. After all, one begins to think, it is not a poet's way to be quite so persistently "poetical," so obdurate to the promptings of caprice and whim. Howard is a spokesman, of almost the best kind, not a man speaking, as not only Catullus, Villon, Burns, Verlaine, but all the great dramatists have spoken, out of a personal sense of the world. He says suitable and sometimes fine things about faith and love and death, but his work is commentary, not creation. That, one admits, is the kind of idea that would come to his Kiartan in the crisis of his life, and it is well worded. But the speech does not at once give us both the character and the dramatist.

STET.

## REVIEWS

### VERGIL

BY EDWARD SHANKS

*The Vergilian Age.* By R. S. Conway. Harvard University Press. 11s. 6d.

*The Aeneid of Virgil in English Verse*, Vol. III, Books VII-IX. Macmillan 5s.

MY readers may observe (if the printer and his readers have been kind to me) some discrepancy in spelling between the titles of the two books set out above. I call attention to it because it illustrates the fact that our attitude towards Roman studies undergoes changes and has undergone more than one within the memory of men still comparatively young. When, at an impressionable age, I was moved from one school to another, almost the first thing impressed on me was that in this new and enlightened age we no longer referred to the great Latin poet as Virgilius but as Vergilius—pronounced "Wairgheelioos." It was not until long after that I learnt that the reasons for this change are of the slenderest, but unfortunately I cannot escape from long habit. Professor Conway uses that form, from which, I suppose, we cannot now depart. But Dr. Way enters himself in evidence against it, though whether as the survivor of an old fashion or as the pioneer of a new one I do not know.

Professor Conway adheres to the spelling of the day before yesterday, but in the general method of his approach to Vergil he partly goes back to a much earlier period, partly, I think, anticipates the future. He quotes a criticism made by Charles James Fox which was perhaps daring when it was made but became commonplace in the course of the next century and, about the time that "Vergil" became the accepted form, was even confidently retailed by schoolmasters to their pupils:

After reading the Fourth Book of the Aeneid, he exclaimed to a friend, "Can you bear this?" adding that Aeneas was "always stupid or odious."

In this we have the beginnings of the judgment passed on Vergil by the romantic age and its successors. This judgment praised him but also condemned, or, more witheringly still, excused him. He was, it affirmed, inimitable in the melody of his verse and in something which, though it partly depended on melody, was to be even more highly esteemed, the quality of *magic*. But as a thinker he was negligible. As a man, he was almost contemptible, since he spent his life in the flattery of Augustus, and, as a delineator of character, he was without perceptions, since his greatest work was devoted to the exploits of a hero who may be charitably described as a prig and uncharitably as a cad.

I have said that this judgment is "romantic" and it does in its essence belong to the beginning of last century. The real charge against Aeneas is that he will not count the world well lost for love but insists on deserting Dido for his destined task of founding a kingdom in Italy. Professor Conway thus answers Fox, who may be taken as representing this school of objection:

One may search in vain for any justification of these epithets through the speeches of Aeneas in that Book and all his action after he receives the command to go. Every word and movement is full of pity and consideration for Dido, of sorrow for himself, limited only by obedience to his divine commission. What is it, then, that produced the feeling to which Fox has given such blunt expression? Clearly, the whole situation; the demands made by an imperial emergency, not merely for the sacrifice of personal happiness, but for the wreck of a great woman's life. Fox is not alone in being moved by indignant pity; but he surely ought to be alone in regarding as a reproach to a great artist the very first feeling which that artist's work awakens. Is it wise to assume that the artist's own intention had no share in the result?

This is just and well said, though I confess I cannot quite follow the conclusion to which Professor Conway proceeds:

The truth, whose weight has been felt, but not understood, is that Vergil's whole story of Dido is a poetic but profound demonstration of the cruelty of certain ideas current then, and largely current now, which lie at the root of the tragedy.

The argument seems to be that Vergil deplored his hero's action as much as any of the romantic critics though not equally condemning him for it. But the point of difference between the poet and Charles James Fox is that he deplores not the action but its necessity and its consequences, and condemns not at all but rather approves.

Professor Conway's view of Vergil, however, is nowhere very clearly stated in this book. It must be picked up from odd hints and allusions, not all of which are entirely consistent with all that he says. One of the most important of these is in a footnote which refers to:

The truth of Dr. Warde Fowler's alluring conjecture, that in Aen., VIII, 678, the adjective (Augustus) ought still to be written without any capital letter; i.e., that it was either at Vergil's suggestion, or at least with his cogent support, that the name was bestowed on Octavian in 27 B.C.

This should be read in conjunction with what Professor Conway has to say on Vergil's reference to the divinity of Augustus in the First Book of the Georgics, which some have found not far short of the grotesque:

Of what does the invocation to Cæsar consist? It presents to him a choice of five alternatives; and to Vergil's reader a riddle not yet solved. What is Vergil's question? He asks, apparently, over which realm of nature Cæsar is to reign: the earth (which includes both land and men), the ocean, the stars, or, finally, the world of the dead. . . . The key to all this lies, I believe, in the concluding lines. Augustus is to decide upon the sphere first proposed to him; he is to be a god of earth. To what end? To help Vergil in his great task of reviving country life in Italy; in other words, the influence and encouragement on which the poet relies are to be devoted to a poem on agriculture. . . . *Augusta becomes a god that he may do some vital service to the world of men.*

It is in this last sentence, which I have italicized, that the kernel of Professor Conway's argument is to be found. He sees Vergil, not as a Court poet, not as the flatterer of the Emperor, but as a man with a definite gospel to preach, a man who, if he did not actually assist in framing the policy of Augustus, was a sincere and enthusiastic believer in it.

If we look at the Aeneid in this light, the behaviour of Aeneas takes on a somewhat different appearance. He, too, was required for "some vital service to the world of men" and, for this obedience to the divine command was the essential prerequisite. Vergil, perhaps, did not consider the world well lost for love but thought that it would be ill lost if the losing of it thus meant a shirking of a duty towards humanity. The romantics approach his poem from a point of view that was not his own and attribute their consequent low estimate of certain important elements in it to a defect of temperament in him. The answer to them is adequately supplied by Professor Conway. Would they feel so acutely the sufferings inflicted on Dido by the decision of Aeneas if Vergil himself had not fully appreciated the meaning of those sufferings? He did, but he believed that of two evils his hero chose the lesser.

He was, in fact, the poet of an age which required above all things peace and good government. Having seen war and bad government in plenty, he felt this need sufficiently acutely to be able to make poetry out of it, but we are not likely to be able to appreciate the poetry he has made if we insist on demanding something that can come only



from a totally different inspiration. The romantic notion that passion between a man and a woman is an absolute value, an end in itself with which nothing else ought to be allowed to compete, necessarily leads us to see the Aeneid out of perspective and to find in it no more than incidental beauties. However thickly crowded we may find them, this means that we see in it an epic that has failed.

Can we in reason hold that one of the world's greatest poets spent a very large part of his life and accomplished the major part of his work in composition in an ill-chosen form? The difficulties involved in this conclusion have led some critics to take the possibly less audacious view that Vergil was not one of the world's greatest poets. But the proof of these puddings is in the eating. It is a relevant fact that some seventy generations have, for various reasons or for reasons not consciously formulated at all, taken the opposite view. The official approbation of Augustan Rome is really not enough to account for this. Succeeding ages find in poets of Vergil's rank what they are capable of finding, not always what he most desired should be found in him. But common sense suggests that an understanding of what he meant to say and of his fundamental views about life is the best guarantee that the particular reader will not miss whatever there may be there of importance for himself. Professor Conway leads us, though at present darkly and tentatively, towards this understanding.

## THE FIRST AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES

*The Life of Lord Pauncefote.* By R. B. Mowat. Constable. 16s.

IT was not till 1893 that the British Legation at Washington was raised to the rank of an Embassy and the first Ambassador was Sir Julian Pauncefote, who had been the British representative at Washington from 1889. Pauncefote was to remain at Washington till his death in 1902. In this period there were momentous transactions in which Pauncefote played a leading part, and prior to it Pauncefote had been for seven years Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office. An account of his career and work is therefore of considerable importance and Professor Mowat's careful sketch is instructive and well documented. Further, it is written with so tender a regard for the Foreign Office that it might almost be taken for an official history. Occasionally there is some suggestion of *naïveté*, as when Professor Mowat writes: "M. Waddington, the French Ambassador, although he had been at school at Rugby, had rowed in the Cambridge boat, and had taken a first-class in the Classical Tripos, was a very tenacious defender of French interests." On the rare occasions that opportunity offers he lightens the narrative, as he does by quoting an example of the dashing diplomatic style of the young Cecil Spring Rice, who introduced a delegation to Mr. J. W. Foster of the State Department in a letter saying: "The Delegation from Barbadoes have arrived and are dying to see you. Can you satisfy their passion on Tuesday at 11? If not, I will break it to them as gently as may be."

Incidentally to the account of Pauncefote's earlier career Professor Mowat gives an interesting description of the Foreign Office and its organization in the 'seventies and 'eighties. If the lives of the heads of the hierarchy were arduous the same was not true of all its members. An informed writer of

1883 is quoted who, after commenting on the gluttony for work of some few of the officials, goes on to say:

For the rest, the Foreign Office is a very pleasant club; its members stroll in languidly about the hour of one; they get through their private correspondence and their lunch, and then sit down for an hour or two of work; then after tea, social inter-office visits, and talk, and perusal of the afternoon papers, they have a burst of work again, and then disperse. By patience and the aid of two months or more annual holiday, varied by an exchange of work to some embassy or legation, they arrive at the comfortable position of Chief of Department, with £1,000 a year, and a pension in prospect.

Pauncefote, however, was one of the gluttons for work, and this fact helps to explain his continued promotion. He was an international lawyer by training and had been legal Under-Secretary before his promotion to the Permanent Under-Secretaryship. In this capacity—or rather as British delegate to the Paris Conference of 1885—Pauncefote played a big part in the drawing-up of the Suez Canal Convention. Here, as in many other questions, the combination of legal and diplomatic knowledge proved to be of great importance.

The mission to the United States, however, was the chief work of Pauncefote's life. It would not be untrue to say that some lack of warmth in the relations of the governments of the two countries was discernible before his time. Pauncefote set himself to alter this and to make the promotion of peace, and especially to remove causes of friction between the English-speaking peoples, his great object, and as regards America he had great success. There was a considerable number of delicate questions which arose during his period of office: the Behring Sea question, the Venezuela boundary, and the Panama Canal. In each of these questions difficulties which sometimes appeared insuperable were finally surmounted with the help of Pauncefote's patience, courtesy and genuine goodwill. The one considerable failure was in regard to the general arbitration treaty which was signed, and even passed the Senate but which failed to obtain the necessary two-thirds majority.

In May, 1899, Lord Pauncefote was designated first representative of the British Government at the Hague Conference. Such success as that conference had seems due in large measure to the work of Pauncefote, whose draft convention was mainly adopted. A permanent Court of Arbitration was established, an Administrative Council, and an International Bureau to serve as registry for the Court of Arbitration. Pauncefote had a big share in producing these results which, together with his work in America, may be said to represent his life-work. In Pauncefote's time Anglo-American relations became friendly, a result to which not only his diplomatic work, but the receiving and giving of generous hospitality contributed. Personally Lord Pauncefote was exceptionally well liked for his genuine and non-effusive friendliness. Roosevelt, in private conversation, expressed his view of him by saying, "He was a damn good fellow."

Professor Mowat's book, to which the Hon. Sybil Pauncefote contributes an Introduction, is a contribution to the understanding of the history of our generation and as such is important. It is interestingly written but there appears to be little attempt to maintain a severely critical attitude towards governmental policies.

¶ *Solvers of Literary or Acrostic Competitions are reminded that it is impossible for solutions to be judged unless they reach the SATURDAY REVIEW Office at the time specified in the rules. Solutions continue to arrive a day or more late, and are thus inevitably disqualified.*

## THE SARDANA

*Dancing Catalans.* By John Langdon-Davies. Cape. 6s.

WE Anglo-Saxons are a pathetic and humorous sight when we take a seat at a café table and gaze at the Mediterranean, with our wild and even rakish surmise. Our enjoyment of that pleasant climate is almost always spoiled by our consciences. Is there not something insidious in that amazing blue? Is there not something questionable about the splendours and miseries of these people? Or we may torture ourselves more subtly. We have descended out of a dismal industrialized world into the south and vow ourselves to it, with secret reservations, as though, in rebellion against our heads, our hearts had at last found that golden age which supposedly existed in the north of the world, too, before the industrial revolution. But there is something puritanical and self-conscious even in the fervour with which we embrace the Mediterranean's paganism and, however much we may exalt it, we have that uncomfortable feeling that we may not be quite "right" to enjoy that which we see no harm in.

In this book, a rather good and very provocative sermon with the Sardana, or Catalan national dance, for text, Mr. Langdon-Davies has more or less successfully resolved these inner conflicts for himself. Rejecting the impartiality and excessive tolerance of his intellectual world he makes a resigned plea for the prejudiced, the circumscribed, the disciplined, the judiciously tyrannical, on the grounds that in practice it is better to have "faith" and be "wrong" than to be without any "faith" at all and be "right."

With the Aragonese mountains to the south-west sheltering him from the asceticism of Castile, and the Pyrenees holding back the north, he looks securely eastward into the Greek sea. There is no better ground than Catalonia for the revival of this ancient controversy. It is one of those delightful, virile, sympathetic and oppressed countries which, having no political freedom, have not yet been found out. It may yet escape the eclipse which Ireland suffered. In Catalonia one sees the western intellectual's hilly path of agony through regionalism, nationalism, industrialism, cosmopolitanism, in miniature. He has ascended these Olivets one by one, has been crucified on all and now is risen from the dead faithless, without an "ism" to believe in. Catalonia is hesitating on the brink of that last phase. Looking to the north for its political direction—and this, ideologically opposed to the disguised theocracy of Castile—its strength and fibre are, paradoxically, that admirable regional spirit which pervades all the Spanish provinces, but Castile least of all. The achievement of its political ambitions would, as Mr. Langdon-Davies points out, destroy the very spirit it has fed upon and with that spirit would vanish too the Sardana, its symbol. The Sardana is for him, as he watches it from his café table of his Catalan fishing village, the living symbol of a social faith. That sudden squeezing of the hands among the dancers is not the amorous squeeze we might give our partner at the end of a fox-trot, but a nervous signal to indicate changes in the dance, a reminder of that conformity to a discipline, to a conventional plan, which in the south is essential to the gaiety of all.

There is something of the poet as well as the moralist about Mr. Langdon-Davies. On the whole, we prefer the former, as he describes that setting of mountains and sea and finds in the small, undirected Mediterranean waves the inspiration of the dance ring which rises up and subsides upon itself. How different from the English seas:

In an English storm, the waves come galloping up like a host of riders; they have the spur of inexorable tides

urging them on; we see them come into sight far out of the horizon, and follow them approaching at breakneck speed to their final catastrophe; . . . Here there may be white horses still but white horses tied up by the head, foaming at the bit, their motion frustrated by a tideless sea. In the calm the English seas are full of the mystery of the future, the Mediterranean of the clarity of the present.

It is always exciting, provocative and dangerous to conjure with generalizations and metaphors in this fashion. But if it is a game of skill there is also a trick in it. To say that "clothes and Christianity killed sculpture and thereby reduced that total beauty of the universe" and calmly ignore Christianity's inspiration of painting is one of the many half-truths into which Mr. Langdon-Davies tumbles some of his arguments. But there is enough genuine thought and beauty in this book to make it well worth reading.

## THE NATURE OF OPERA

*Eurydice, or The Nature of Opera.* By Dyneley Hussey. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.

THAT curious hybrid called opera, to some hardly an art but merely the haphazard conjunction of two main arts, has of late been subjected to a searching examination. Its conventionalities have been derided, its ability to portray life has been seriously questioned, its existence has been shown up as a series of the grossest shams and deceptions. What, then, keeps it alive? If all or any of this is true, if opera is a fake art, one which neither enhances the presentation of a tale nor broadens the scope of music or drama, why has it persisted for so long? From at least the end of the fifteenth century until the present day the dual art has continued its course up to the time of the great Wagnerian music-dramas. There must be some quality possessed by neither music nor drama alone which is brought into being by a conjunction of those two arts in opera.

What that quality is Mr. Hussey does not specify. And the fault is hardly his, for two reasons. First, within the space of ninety-three pages it is not possible to provide the reader with more than a sketch of the nature of opera. It is a subject which has many ramifications of a kind which cannot lightly be dismissed. Mr. Hussey is to be congratulated on the amount of information he has presented in this small space.

The second reason is more cogent. It is, that up to the present opera has not been able to show itself to be possessed of any specific, peculiar, personal quality which differentiates it from the two arts employed in its presentation. Nothing that drama alone or music alone cannot do is to be heard or seen in opera. What is here called the "reflective and resuming power of music in opera," by which is meant that point where "the composer sums up in his music the emotional content of the scene," can as well be found in the coda of a Beethoven symphony (or time after time in Shakespeare, or in Goethe). Music adds nothing to the power of words to portray the unfolding of a tale on the stage, though it may give momentary emphasis (as in Mr. Hussey's own example from Strauss) and may heighten the emotional content of a scene. But it is not necessary to the telling of a given tale. Conversely, words add nothing to music, which is primarily an abstract art. Music may safely be left alone to weave its unfettered imaginings into shapes of its own fashioning. That is its nature, and whatever the nature of opera may be it certainly is not that. There music is chained to drama in an uneasy partnership, and the continual give-and-take which the author notes as the necessary concomitant of opera lames the action of the drama and clips music's wings. The



sensitive listener is asked by the two opera-makers, librettist and composer, to agree to this partnership, and to submit to a state of affairs which does violence to both arts. Paul Valéry has said that he finds it difficult to deal justly with an art such as music wherein "une telle puissance est capable de faire vivre jusqu'à l'absurde," and it is in opera that there is the best prepared ground for such absurdities. Gladly would anyone of average intelligence dispense with having the glories of the love music in 'Siegfried' staged, if by so doing escape might be effected from the posturings of the protagonists.

That is to put the case against opera at its baldest. But it does not provide a reason for the one prime fact about this art-form, its persistence. Composers still are attracted to opera as a means of expressing the otherwise inexpressible. That none of them, even Wagner, has succeeded in avoiding Paul Valéry's "absurde" is no reason for deciding that such an avoidance is impossible. Mr. Hussey tells us, with regard to music, that when it "is associated with words or actions, it magnifies their emotional power, and gives the finest shades to their meaning." It is the exaggeration of this power which causes Paul Valéry some difficulty in appraising the worth of music as an art. Nevertheless Mr. Hussey is quite right to insist on the point, for a subtle use of music in such service as this is one possible way out of the dilemma of the dual art form. Debussy has done it in 'Pelléas,' and incidentally shown that this very subtlety cannot deal with every kind of plot. Which seems to mean that we must accept the fact that opera should be circumscribed in its activities, and only such subjects chosen for operatic presentation as can make use of the conventions which Mr. Hussey details. Drama can hold up a reasonable mirror to life. Music, by the mingling of abstract sound-patterns, can become the medium for unimaginable communications. Opera is not permitted to portray these high matters with any but a momentary acuteness. But the dual art can treat of light, comic situations, and perhaps it has a future in that direction.

### THE EMPRESS TZU HSI

*Old Buddha.* By Princess Der Ling. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

ALL autobiographies, according to Goethe, must be a mixture of poetry and truth. Princess Der Ling's entertaining portrait of the remarkable woman who was virtual ruler of China for nearly fifty years, and the last of the great Manchu sovereigns, is in substance, though not in form, an autobiography. The author is a Manchu lady who was educated in France, where her father was Chinese Minister. She writes fluent and picturesque English, with a faint but not disagreeable American accent. For the last three years of the Empress Tzu Hsi's life Princess Der Ling was her chief lady-in-waiting, and the garrulous old lady amused her leisure by narrating the events of her singular life, as they passed before her mind in retrospect—her selection from among seventeen lovely Manchu maidens of high birth to become the secondary wife of the Emperor Hsien Feng, her reluctant farewell to her gallant lover Yung Lu, for whom her genuine affection was thenceforth confined by ambition within strictly moral limits, the wars, conspiracies, massacres and other excitements which chequered her seventy years. Few readers of this thrilling story will ask themselves how much of it is fiction and how much fact. There is no reason to question Princess Der Ling's veracity as reporter, but the severe historian may think that the Old Buddha or the Lovely Orchid

(for that was her highly respectable maiden name) occasionally embroidered the truth.

In its main lines, however, there is no reason to doubt that this portrait of the Dowager Empress is substantially accurate. She was an extremely interesting woman, whose life was dominated by the lust for power, which an unusual ability for intrigue and statecraft enabled her to satiate to the full. She was a Catherine or a Semiramis (but without their sensuality) rather than an Elizabeth or a Victoria. Perhaps the nearest parallel may be found in Dumas's picture of Catherine de Medici. The preparation for the Boxer rising may be compared with that of the St. Bartholomew as described in 'La Reine Margot,' with Prince Tuan for the Duke de Guise and the foreigners in place of the Huguenots.

Princess Der Ling gives a very curious account of the palace intrigues in which the three thousand domestic eunuchs played so large a part, of the abominable treatment of the would-be reforming Emperor Kwang Hsu, and of the choice of his successor—the last or Boy Emperor—because he was the grandson of Tzu Hsi's old but unforgotten sweetheart Yung Lu. Few more amusing books have been written about the history of the Celestial Empire.

### COMEDY'S RIGHT LINE

*The Litigants.* By Jean Racine. Translated by W. R. Dunstan. Milford: Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d.

MR. DUNSTAN'S quick and compelling version of Racine's admirable comedy 'Les Plaideurs' owes much to the fact that it is an experiment, and a remarkably successful experiment, in the use of the rhymed anapaest. The play in question is one with a bustling plot; it is full of mockery, indignation, and false pretences; one feels that the actors ought, before the curtain rises, to be on tip-toes like runners poised for a sprint. To get the atmosphere of expectation first and of expedition afterwards the anapaest is far more apt than the iambic. Byron fed his pouncing Assyrian on anapaests, for he knew the gallop in the line which has four such feet. "And his cohorts were gleaming with silver and gold." Yet there is nothing melodramatic nor is there anything alien about this mode; it fits into the structural harmony and the sense of our common speech. Such a line as "Sir, I cannot deny the assertion you've made," is as easy and natural as any iambic, while it has a far more mobile quality; furthermore, the snap of the rhyme gives a further definition to the beat of the rhythm and often assists a verbal emphasis as well.

Professor Gilbert Murray has pointed out by precept and practice the importance of rhyme in helping to establish in English iambs the quality of the Greek; in the case of Racine, rhyme is more obviously demanded, but it still has its peculiar carrying power when well handled; that is to say, it beckons and satisfies the attention, and Mr. Dunstan is an amply good enough English technician to prevent any tedious iteration of sound. His fine version of a fine comedy should be extremely useful to amateur and repertory groups in search of something outside the routine. The player should relish the speed and flexibility of the metre and give thanks to the translator for his choice of the anapaestic mode; it was the right line to take.

¶ Readers who have difficulty in obtaining copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW are asked to communicate with the Publisher, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2, who will be pleased to give the matter his attention.

## NEW FICTION

BY L. P. HARTLEY

*Cities of the Plain.* By Marcel Proust. Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. Knopf. 30s.

MR. SCOTT MONCRIEFF has called his translation of the fourth instalment of Proust's long novel 'Cities of the Plain,' and the title, if less uncompromising than that of the original, sufficiently indicates the subject of the work. And it is no misnomer. The book lives up to its title, and more.

Perhaps it may be objected that to say that sexual inversion is here Proust's "subject" is already saying too much: Proust has no subject except the Past, and no motive in writing except to recapture it. No moral attaches itself to his work: he does not seek to prove or to demonstrate anything, but by the intensity of his recollections, whether spontaneous or deliberate, to make his reader aware of the process of living, as it communicates itself to the mind and the senses and the whole being.

Other novelists setting out to do the same have made their unit of measurement a single day. Proust attempts more than this. His unit is the lifetime. His principal characters are presented not so much through their actions as through the accretions of their experience—great human snowballs of no special shape but of undeniable density, and, like snowballs, having no power of motion, only a quality of adhesiveness, a faculty of accumulation. Like them again in having no permanent identity, only a provisional personality that a few more turns will blot out. In theory at least Proust emphasizes the fluidity of human personality; in practice, perhaps as a sop to the reader's frailty, perhaps in obedience to the creator's instinct, he makes them exceedingly stable and recognizable: some are merely the vehicle of their own characteristics, like Mrs. Malaprop or lay figures in Dickens. Be that as it may, Proust's prime concern (so one of his interpreters maintains) is not with the portrayal of character, either in individuals or groups; nothing so specialized as that. The intensity and comprehensiveness of his backward stare possess a Platonic quality of penetration, the complete perfected vision being equivalent to a mystical experience, to which Life has yielded up some of its secrets. "The artist does not invent, he discovers. Art is not an invention, but an exploration."

There are certainly signs in contemporary fiction that this scientific view of art is gaining ground; that the memory, whose evidence is capable, to some extent, of being tested, is being exalted at the expense of the imagination. I do not know how far Proust called in his imagination to eke out his memory. The question that concerns us is: What is the effect, upon the reader's mind, of the record of a single consciousness, omnivorous and non-selective, whose only concession to the exercise of preference lies in accepting the conditions of ordinary life and the conventions of a certain social order as a framework for its tapestry? Proust was an ironist without being an idealist; he had a sense of beauty but in his capacity of novelist as little moral sense as it is possible to have. So his adverse judgments upon character are either echoes of the world's opinion, or a mere habit of speech, unauthorized by his intellect, which he had not troubled to outgrow. His sense of beauty is particular, not all-pervading; active enough in contemplating a landscape or in finding (say) a botanical metaphor to elaborate some trivial sensation, it extends only fitfully to human thought and hardly at all to human behaviour.

The variety of experience recorded in 'Cities of the Plain' is organized without regard to the plain man's prejudices, without regard to the associations of niceness and nastiness, the moral for and against, which cling to and colour our minutest thoughts and actions. Proust takes no heed of them. But for most readers such an impartiality is impossible. Whether he is appalled or grieved or amused by the tendencies of M. de Charlus is immaterial: the point is that the whole incident will be invested for him with an interest out of all proportion to its æsthetic value; it draws the eye like the hole in Le Balafre's face, until one can look at nothing else. By absolving himself from moral preoccupations or prejudices Proust has certainly simplified the task of reconstructing life, but he has taken away half its taste.

What then are the motives that actuate his characters, that influence their choice, that govern their behaviour, that direct their wishes forwards, overruling momentary whims and appetites? In 'Cities of the Plain' there are two: snobbery and sensuality. Every page testifies to the dominance of one or the other, generally of both. No churchman ever paid more attention to ritual than Proust gives to elaborating and analysing the nuances of social observance and prestige. The infinitesimal degrees that lead downwards from the Guermantes to the smaller fry: and what aristocrats are these!—as uneasy and apprehensive about their social position as the bourgeoisie are reckoned to be in other countries. Proust's mind occupies itself with them ceaselessly, till their very names induce a mental nausea: nothing is too trivial to be recorded: how, for instance, the Duc de Guermantes, calling at the box-office for a theatre ticket, being surer of his social standing, was able to be more civil to the attendant than a nobleman of slightly lower rank.

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—*The Times*

Even his metaphors, generally drawn from medicine or botany, are invaded by snobbery :

Like an officer of my regiment who might have seemed to me a creature apart, too kindly and simple to be of a great family, too remote already and mysterious to be simply of a great family, and of whom I was afterwards to learn that he was the brother-in-law, the cousin of people with whom I was dining, so Beaumont, suddenly brought in contact with places from which I supposed it to be distinct, lost its mystery and took its place in the district. . . .

To do the narrator justice his love for Albertine is independent of considerations of social advancement : he had no illusions about her :

Albertine, in fact, belonged, although at a slightly higher social level, to that type of person to whom her door-keeper promises your messenger that she will deliver your letter when she comes in (until the day when you realize that it is precisely she, the person whom you met out of doors, and to whom you have allowed yourself to write, who is the door-keeper). So that she does indeed live (but in the lodge, only) at the address she has given you (which for that matter is that of a private brothel, in which the door-keeper acts as pander), or who gives as her address a house where she is known to accomplices who will not betray her secret to you, from which your letters will be forwarded to her, but in which she does not live, keeps at the most a few articles of toilet.

This is how the narrator thinks about his mistress ; and are we to suppose he was in love with her ? In this book, though the affection the hero feels for his grandmother is exquisitely described, Proust fails entirely to convey the impression of love. As to the attachments of M. de Charlus, pathetic enough in all conscience, Proust sees chiefly their ridiculous side ; at the cost of making them almost entirely disgusting, he gets a lot of fun out of them. His sense of humour rarely fails him, even in the presence of the Guermantes ; as a writer it is one of his most spontaneous and refreshing qualities, reviving the reader's attention exhausted by pages of analysis. Proust's mind has little formative impulse : it burrows like a mole, and its underground meanderings leave us gasping for air. The sense of effort lies heavy over the whole work ; the effort of ingenuity for ever acting as intermediary between the senses and the mind, the effort entailed by memory itself : an effort which Mr. Scott Moncrieff's inspired translation does nothing to disguise, and which (to borrow a Proust-like image) reminds us of the asthmatic's struggle for breath. That the book has greatness and passages of beauty redeeming its ugliness none will deny. But the mind demands of literature something that it can approve as well as something that it can enjoy ; and in 'Cities of the Plain,' so full of dignitaries, so devoid of dignity, this instinct finds little to satisfy its craving.

## SHORTER NOTICES

**The Narrative of the Persecution of Agnes Beaumont in 1674.** Edited with an Introduction by G. B. Harrison. Constable's Miscellany. 3s. 6d.

THE miscellaneous character of the new Constable series is well shown by this reissue of a well-known document in the section of "revival prints." Miscellaneous, it should be said, is a word here used in no derogatory sense. Agnes Beaumont was a member of Bunyan's congregation, who through the malice of a certain Mr. fleery was falsely accused of the horrid crime of parricide and acquitted. The 'Narrative' was first printed in 1760 under the title of 'An Abstract of the Gracious Dealings of GOD.' The work was very popular and appeared also as a twopenny tract entitled 'Real Religion.' The present text keeps the old spelling but is modernized in punctuation. The 'Narrative' has distinct value for social history. As the editor points out, it "illustrates clearly the genial amateurishness of local justice in the seventeenth century" and also the state of mind of an English village at the time—emotional and easily inflammable.

**The Story of the Gypsies.** By Konrad Bercovici. Cape. 12s. 6d.

MR. BERCOVICI'S book is a valuable addition to gypsy lore. The survival of the gypsy and his appearance in all parts of the world has always constituted something of a problem. Like the Jew, he has been subject to much persecution and at no period of history has he been a popular figure. What, then, is the secret of his persistence ? Mr. Bercovici hints that it may be found in the absence from the gypsy vocabulary of

two familiar words—"duty" and "possession." The gypsy is a law unto himself and the words of St. Paul may fitly be applied to him—"as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." There is a gypsy song which sums up the whole philosophy of this strange, nomadic people :

Worldly goods which you possess own you and destroy you.  
Love must be like the blowing wind, fresh and invigorating.  
Capture the wind within walls and it becomes stale. Open  
tents, open hearts. Let the wind blow.

The author has made an exhaustive study of the subject. After discussing the origins of the gypsies, he proceeds to consider their progress from Macedonia to the various countries of Europe, and there is a chapter devoted to the American gypsy. The book is admirably illustrated from photographs taken by Mr. E. O. Hoppé.

**Some Italian Scenes and Festivals.** By Thomas Ashby. Methuen. 6s.

DR. ASHBY has done a great service by putting on record an account of some of the peasant festivals which he has witnessed in various parts of central and southern Italy. He has caught them just at the moment of change, when traditional dresses are being abandoned for fashion-plate models, and when ceremonies and rites are being simplified and vulgarized. In a few years these festivals and the evidence they give us of the survival of ancient beliefs and rites of immemorial age will be lost altogether. The photographs by which the book is illustrated are suggestive rather than documentary, being on the small scale of snap-shots ; still they are a record. The value of the work is enhanced by copious references to the literature of the various subjects treated, but it owes its chief value to the unrivalled knowledge of its author, one of our chief authorities on ancient and medieval Italy. The enterprising tourist in Italy will pick up many a hint for new excursions well out of the beaten track. This is a book to buy and keep by one for reference.

**Hilaire Belloc Keeps the Bridge.** By J. W. Poynter. Watts. 1s.

CONTROVERSY is only possible when there is some initial measure of agreement between the opposing forces. The trouble about Mr. Hilaire Belloc and his critic, Mr. Poynter, is that they fail to produce a single point of contact. Mr. Belloc, as a Roman Catholic, indulges in a number of startling assumptions, one of which is that no anti-Catholic is capable of understanding European history. That is a statement which may be disputed, but which obviously cannot be disproved, if only for the reason that it lies beyond all possibility of proof. Between Mr. Belloc and his opponent there lies a gulf which no amount of argument can bridge. To one the Roman Catholic Church is a Divine institution and the chosen vehicle of infallible truth ; to the other, it is the enemy of progress and enlightenment, "wedded to despotism and obscurantism." Such differences are incapable of readjustment, since it is possible that Mr. Poynter's little book—which consists, for the most part, of a recapitulation of the familiar arguments against Roman Catholicism—will appeal only to those readers who are prepared to approach the subject with minds freed from any prepossessions or prejudices. It is to the author's credit that he has refrained from the use of personalities, and that his way of conducting controversy is throughout studiously courteous.

## NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Where a book is not yet published, the date of publication is added in parentheses.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- THE ENGLISH KING. By Michael Macdonagh. Benn. 10s. 6d.  
TORYISM AND THE PEOPLE. 1832-1846. By Richard Hill. Constable. 10s. 6d. (April 18.)  
STUDIES IN THE NAPOLEONIC WARS. By Sir Charles Oman. Methuen. 8s. 6d.  
ALL SORTS OF PEOPLE. By Gladys Storey. Methuen. 10s. 6d.  
THE MERCHANT NAVY. VOL. III. By Sir Archibald Hurd. Murray. 21s.  
THE HOUSE OF MEMORIES. By Barbara Wilson. Heinemann. 6s.  
UMBALA. By Captain Harry Dean. Harrap. 7s. 6d. (April 19.)  
ENGLISH POOR LAW HISTORY. PART II. THE LAST HUNDRED YEARS. VOLUMES I AND II. By Sydney and Beatrice Webb. Longmans. 36s. each. (April 18.)  
THE CELTIC CHURCH IN ENGLAND. By John L. Gough Meissner. Hopkinson. 10s. 6d. (April 18.)

### NATURAL HISTORY

- REPTILES. VOLUME V. By Eric Fitch Daglish. Dent. 2s. 6d.  
FISHES AND SEA ANIMALS. VOLUME VI. By Eric Fitch Daglish. Dent. 2s. 6d.  
INSECT SINGERS. By J. G. Myers. Routledge. 21s.

### VERSE AND DRAMA

- TOAD OF TOAD HALL. By A. A. Milne. Methuen. 5s.  
OUT OF THE COAL-FIELDS. By Frederick C. Boden. Dent. 3s. 6d.

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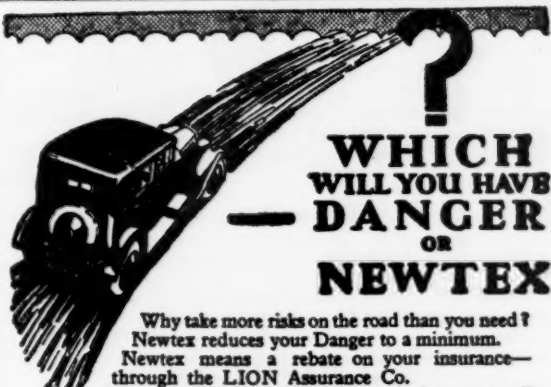
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CHRYSLIS. By Jessie Donaldson Corrigan. Milwaukee, Wisconsin: Marquette University Press. \$1.00.

## TRANSLATIONS

WHO WILL BE MASTER—EUROPE OR AMERICA? By Lucien Romier. Translated by Matthew Josephson. Hamilton. 12s. 6d.

OUR PUPPET SHOW. By Francis de Croisset. Translated by E. B. Osborn. Heinemann. 6s.

THE MAD PROFESSOR. By Hermann Sudermann. Translated by Isabel Leighton. The Bodley Head. 12s.

RABERLAIS. By Anatole France. Gollancz. 18s. (April 15.)

A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. EPILOGUE: VOLUME I. 1895-1906. By Elie Halévy. Translated by E. I. Watkin. Benn. 25s.

## REPRINTS

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS. By H. A. Spurr. Dent. 7s. 6d.

THE ENGLISH LITERATURE LIBRARY. GROUP I. THE NOVEL. ROMANCE IN HISTORY. Edited by R. Brimley Johnson. The Bodley Head. 3s. 6d.

THE UGLY DUCHESS. By Lion Feuchtwanger. Secker. 3s. 6d.

EVELYN INNES. By George Moore. FUNDAMENTAL THOUGHTS IN ECONOMICS. By Gustav Cassel. THE ROVER. By Joseph Conrad. BLOOD AND SAND. By Vicente Blasco Ibanez. THE RAIDERS. By S. R. Crockett. CLIMBS ON ALPINE PEAKS. By Abate Achille Ratti. BENN'S ESSEX LIBRARY. 3s. 6d. each.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. By George McLean Harper. Murray. 16s.

A HIND IN RICHMOND PARK. By W. H. Hudson. Dent. 6s.

## FICTION

THE DISINHERITED. By Milton Waldman. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

THE LAWLESS FRONTIER. By Mary Gaunt. Benn. 7s. 6d.

THE SLEEPING ARMY. By Clara Viebig. Benn. 7s. 6d.

DARK HESTER. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Constable. 7s. 6d. (April 18).

THE CRIME OF SYDIL CRESSWELL. By E. F. Spence. Benn. 7s. 6d.

THERESA. By Arthur Schnitzler. Constable. 7s. 6d. (April 18).

THE PERILOUS SECRET. By Dennis Peacock. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

KENYA DAWN. By Nora K. Strange. Stanley Paul. 7s. 6d.

PERCIVAL AT PLAY. By Anthony Armstrong. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

THE COPPER BOTTLE. By E. J. Millward. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

THE LOVE OF THE FOOLISH ANGEL. By Helen Beauclerk. Collins. 7s. 6d. (April 18).

THE SACRED GIRAFFE. By S. de Madariaga. Hopkinson. 3s. 6d. (April 15.)

ELENCHUS BROWN. By B. L. Bowhay. Allenson. 7s. 6d.

THE ETERNAL FOREST. By George Godwin. Allan. 7s. 6d. (April 16).

## MISCELLANEOUS

THE READING ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM. By G. F. Barwick. Benn. 10s. 6d.

THE A.B.C. OF PSYCHOLOGY. By C. K. Ogden. Kegan Paul. 4s. 6d.

## ACROSTICS

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 369

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, April 18)

MY FIRST MAKE HAVOC IN MY SECOND,  
AND MUST AS SLIMY PESTS BE RECKONED.

1. A mighty one extends 'twixt heaven and hell.
2. Brave spirit! all his tasks he did right well.
3. Curtail me now black Friday's shipwrecked master.
4. In some such craft old Sindbad met disaster.
5. Impels the steamship through the stormy main.
6. Three-eighths of what affords relief from pain.
7. Happy (sings one) who has me in his purse!
8. Behead a solemn ceremonial curse.
9. From this King David urges us to cease.
10. Hostile irruption spelling war, not peace.
11. O hapless mortals in my walls confined!
12. Quick to possess the false and knavish mind.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 367

S cal P 1 King Stephen was a worthy peer,  
I nvoic E His breeches cost him but a crown:  
L o Wn<sup>1</sup> He held them sixpence all too dear;  
V ers T With that he called the tailor down.  
E xpans E Othello. Act ii. 3.  
R igou R 2 And he [Joab] took three darts in his hand,  
S oft-soa P and thrust them through the heart of  
P hilome L Absalom.  
O ptimis T 2 Sam. xviii. 14.  
JO Ab<sup>2</sup> 3 See Pickwick Papers, chap. xxx.  
N atur E  
S awbome S<sup>3</sup>

ACROSTIC NO. 367.—The winner is "A. E.," Miss Arrow-smith, 7 King's Mansions, Lawrence Street, Chelsea, S.W.3, who has chosen as her prize 'The Great Trans-Pacific Flight,' by C. E. Kingsford-Smith and C. T. P. Ulm, published by Hutchinson and reviewed by us on March 30 under the title 'The Enduring Soul.' Five other competitors selected this book, 19 named 'A Soldier's Diary of the Great War,' 16 'The South Polar Trail,' 7 'The Life and Death of an Ideal,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Armadale, A. de V. Blathwayt, M. de Burgh, Bolo, Boskerris, Carlton, Ceyx, Chip, Dhualt, Fossil, Gay, H. C. M., Iago, Lilian, Margaret, Met, George W. Miller, Mrs. Milne, N. O. Sellam, St. Ives, Hon. R. G. Talbot, H. M. Vaughan, C. J. Warden, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Yendu.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—E. Barrett, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Mrs. J. Butler, J. Chambers, Clam, J. R. Cripps, D. L., E. G. H., Elizabeth, G. M. Fowler, E. W. Fox, Glamis, Hanworth, Jeff, Jop, John Lennie, Martha, A. M. W. Maxwell, M. I. R., H. de R. Morgan, Margaret Owen, Rho Kappa, M. C. S. Scott, Shorwell, Sisyphus, Margarita Skene, A. R. Wheeler.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Barberry, Miss Rosa C. Burley, Miss Carter, Chailey, Dolmar, M. East, J. F. Maxwell, Walter Meade, Miss Moore, Peter, Polamar. All others more.

FOR LIGHT 7 Soap is accepted.

MISS MOORE.—Light 5 reads Dreamed.

G. W. M.—Light 8 reads SInew. News is "intelligence," but not new.

SISYPHUS.—This, at any rate, refers to Drawers at inns:—"Do not let the drawer carry the bill to your master, but examine it first carefully and honestly, and then bring it yourself. . . . If the servants have not been civil, tell your master, before their faces, when he is going to give them money." (Dean Swift's 'Directions to Servants.')

## MOTORING

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

THERE have been several definitions of the term "road sense," the best being that it is "the act of anticipation and intuition which enables a pedestrian, a rider or a driver to do the right thing under all the varying conditions of the traffic and the road they are upon." Experience is necessary to acquire this quality. For instance, it is necessary to know thoroughly the rules of the road of the country you are living in, to exercise courtesy in giving and taking the "right of the road" and imagination of what may lay around corners you cannot see.

On Monday the Prince of Wales is attending the Royal Automobile Club's dinner to honour Major H. O. D. Segrave for creating a new world speed record on land of two hundred and thirty-one miles an hour. "How dangerous!" people say. Yet actually it is not the speed that is dangerous but only speed performed in the wrong place, a fault no person with perfect road sense would commit. Motorists should never cut a corner on the wrong side of the road when their view is impeded. Pedestrians should never attempt to cross a road without looking first right and then left to see where on-coming traffic in both directions is situated. If children could only have this one item impressed strongly in their minds so that they acted upon it involuntarily, many young lives would be saved and the accident figures largely decreased.

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## THE CITY

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

THE termination last Friday of the monotonous three weeks' account which covered the Easter holidays was marked with a rather more optimistic tendency in the Stock Markets, which has continued this week. The primary cause was undoubtedly the diminution of uneasiness as to the monetary position, confidence being felt that a further rise in the Bank Rate should not now be necessary. The Wall Street position still remains a grave problem. At the same time, the anxiety has now been somewhat reduced. It is felt in City circles that Mr. Churchill's Budget next week is more likely to contain factors of a favourable nature to the Stock Markets than was previously believed possible. The volume of business on the Stock Exchange is likely to remain small, pending the General Election. At the same time, while still advocating caution on the part of investors, I feel justified in expressing the hope that the worst, from the share quotation point of view, has been seen.

### UNITED MOLASSES

As is usual at this time of the year, several reports of outstanding interest have been issued. That of the United Molasses Company included a final dividend declaration of 11 per cent., making 19 per cent. for the year, which compared with 17 per cent. and a capital bonus of 2 per cent. last year. The total profits of the company and its proportion of the profits of its subsidiary and associated companies amounted to £539,809, as against £386,102 for the previous year. From this total £153,135 has been utilized for depreciation, which is some £33,000 more than allowed for last year. On a yield basis, United Molasses shares are standing at a very high level; at the same time, those who have purchased these shares as a permanent investment should appreciate the future potentialities of the company, and the fact that the full benefit of the constructive work on which it has been employed during the past twelve months will be reflected in future balance sheets to a very much greater extent than in the one under review. Those closely connected with the company appear particularly optimistic as to its future prospects, and as a lock-up investment over a period of years these shares should show their holders very satisfactory results.

### UNION CORPORATION

Another very interesting announcement is that of the figures of the Union Corporation for the year ended December 31 last. These show a realized net profit of £428,582, which compares with £386,160 for the previous year. This is a record profit for the Union Corporation, and it is extremely interesting to note that during the past seven years the profits each year have exceeded its predecessor, the figures for 1921 having shown a profit of £179,517. An interim dividend of 2s. per share was paid on November 22 and a final dividend of 3s. 6d. per share, making 5s. 6d. for the year, as compared with 5s. for last year, is now declared. The reserve account has been increased by £146,356, making the amount standing to the credit of this account £630,570. Attention has frequently been drawn in the past to these Union Corporation shares as a thoroughly sound permanent investment, and that opinion is confirmed by examination of these figures.

### HOME RAILS

As one who during recent months has been a staunch supporter of Home Rails, the recent appreciation in their price, coupled with the fact that

they appear to be growing in popularity both for investment and speculative purposes, has proved of marked interest. The rise appears not merely justified but also overdue. Substantial economies have been effected and traffics at last show signs of improvement. The trade outlook for the country certainly appears better, and this is likely to be reflected in further traffic improvements.

Despite the recent rise it is suggested that London and North Eastern 4 per cent. first preference and second preference are still worth locking away, while Great Western ordinary should enjoy further capital appreciation. These three are selected, although the same opinion can probably be expressed throughout the list.

### CHARRINGTON, GARDNER, LOCKET AND CO.

Dealings have started this week in the £1 Ordinary shares of Charrington, Gardner, Locket and Co., Ltd. This Company, which is the result of amalgamations of very old-established companies, carries on business as coal factors in and around London and owns about 40 depots. It also has a half-share interest in the Regents Discharging Company Ltd., in conjunction with the Gas, Light and Coke Company. For the year ended March 31, 1928, profits amounted to £54,626 and dividends amounting to 20 per cent. were paid. On account of the year to end March 31, 1929, an interim dividend of 10 per cent. actual has been paid. Profits for the year to March 31, 1929, are expected to be at least as high as those for last year and it is anticipated that a further dividend of 10 per cent. in respect of the year will be paid, making a total of 20 per cent. It is believed that the assets of the company are valued on a conservative basis, excessive depreciation having been for many years written off. These £1 shares should be obtainable in the neighbourhood of 46s. 3d., at which level they appear to possess possibilities.

### CABLE MERGER

The publication of the terms for acceptance by the Cable Companies and the Marconi Company, in connexion with the merger scheme, announced this week was as anticipated. Taking the various categories of stocks as worth par, £100 of Eastern Telegraph stock will be exchangeable for stock in the new company to the value of £299 18s., while the 10s. Marconi shares receive the equivalent of £4 7s. 5d. I have frequently said during the last twelve months that Eastern Telegraph stock should be held for 300, which level should be reached in due course. Holders of the £1 Marconi shares are refusing to come into the scheme, as they are to receive only 10s. a share more than the 10s. shares, and not double, which they claimed.

### PHOSFERINE PRODUCTS

The prospectus will shortly be published in connexion with Phosferine Products Limited. This Company has been formed to acquire from Phosferine (Ashton and Parsons) Limited the exclusive right of selling throughout the world the Salts manufactured by the parent company, to be known as "Phosferine Health Salts." The issued capital of this company will consist of 500,000 shares of 1s. each, the whole of which have been applied for by the brokers to the company, but the directors have stipulated that holders of the parent company shares are to have the right to allotment if they so desire. I refer to this issue to-day because the prospectus includes the statement that application to the Stock Exchange Committee for permission to deal in the shares will not be made until in the opinion of the directors the progress of the company justifies such an application. This is a new departure and one to be commended.

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Hume and Marshall's Game Birds of India. 3 vols. £12 10s.  
The Butterfly. Complete set in 12 parts. £2 2s.  
Colour Prints of Hiroshige. New, 21s. Published at £3 3s.  
Block Printing and Book Illustration in Japan. New, £2 2s.  
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Balzac's Works. Caxton Edit. with many illustrations. 53 vols.  
£10 10s.  
Defoe's Works. 14 vols. Just issued. £5 5s.  
Milne Gallery of Children. L.P. £3 3s.  
Dunhill. The Pipe Book. 5s. Published at 18s.  
Noel Williams. Life of Queen Margot. 15s. Published at 42s.  
Harper's Haunted Houses. 6s. Published at 12s. 6d.  
Shaw's British Sporting Artists. 25s. Published at 42s.  
Lucas. John Constable the Painter. 35s. Published at 63s.  
Kearton's Photographing Wild Life. 10s. 6d. Published at 24s.  
Weighall. Ancient Egyptian Works of Art. 30s. Pub. at 63s.

### BOOKS WANTED

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Tennyson's Poems. 1830 and 1833.  
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Lamb's Album Verses. 1830.  
Shaw's Plays. 2 vols. 1898.  
Hardy's Tess. 3 vols. 1891.  
Melville. The Whale. 3 vols. 1851.  
Stephen's Crock of Gold. 1912.  
Boswell's Johnson. 2 vols. 1791.  
Chesterfield Letters. 2 vols. 1774.

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